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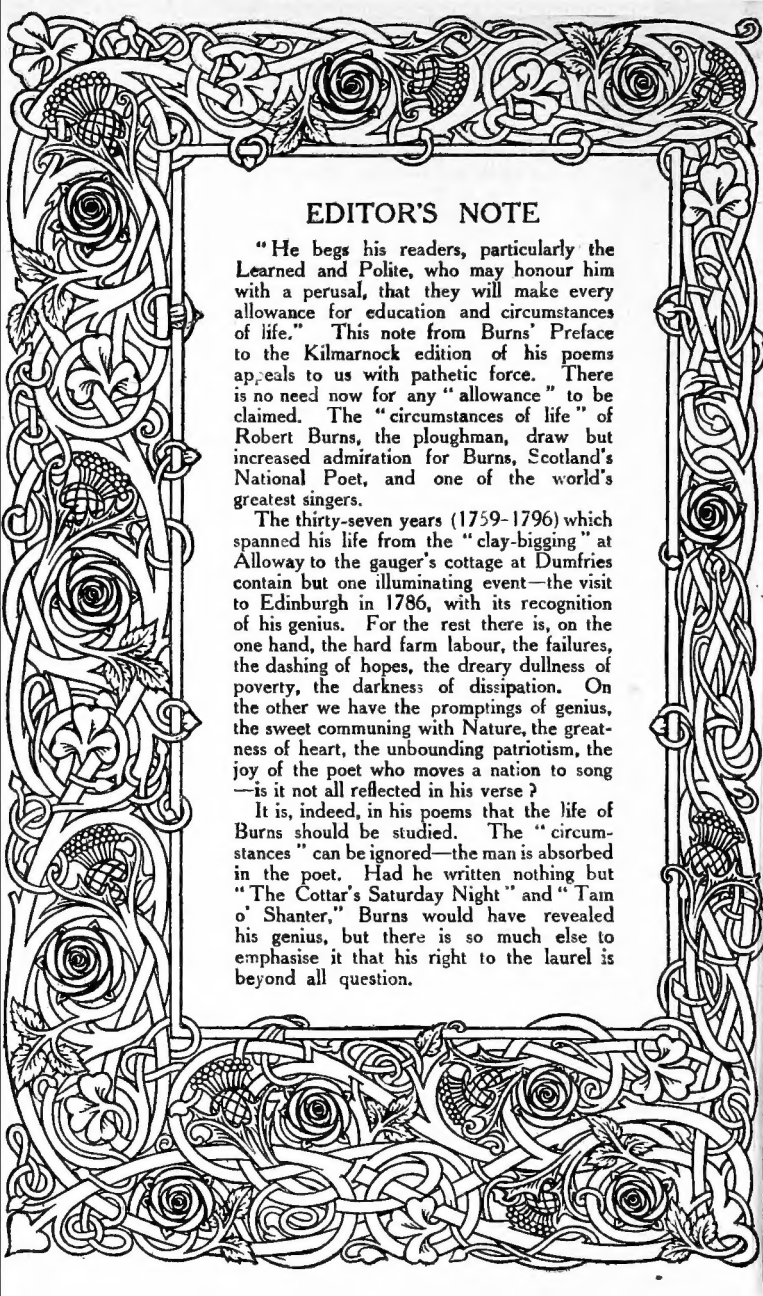
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POETICAL WORKS

ROBERT BURNS



EDITOR'S NOTE

"He begs his readers, particularly the Learned and Polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life." This note from Burns' Preface to the Kilmarnock edition of his poems appeals to us with pathetic force. There is no need now for any "allowance" to be claimed. The "circumstances of life" of Robert Burns, the ploughman, draw but increased admiration for Burns, Scotland's National Poet, and one of the world's greatest singers.

The thirty-seven years (1759-1796) which spanned his life from the "clay-bigger" at Alloway to the gauger's cottage at Dumfries contain but one illuminating event—the visit to Edinburgh in 1786, with its recognition of his genius. For the rest there is, on the one hand, the hard farm labour, the failures, the dashing of hopes, the dreary dullness of poverty, the darkness of dissipation. On the other we have the promptings of genius, the sweet communing with Nature, the greatness of heart, the unbounding patriotism, the joy of the poet who moves a nation to song—is it not all reflected in his verse?

It is, indeed, in his poems that the life of Burns should be studied. The "circumstances" can be ignored—the man is absorbed in the poet. Had he written nothing but "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and "Tam o' Shanter," Burns would have revealed his genius, but there is so much else to emphasise it that his right to the laurel is beyond all question.

THE POEMS
AND
SONGS

OF
ROBERT BURNS

CASELL AND COMPANY, LTD.
LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK,
TORONTO & MELBOURNE
MCMVIII

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PREFACE
TO THE FIRST, OR
KILMARNOCK EDITION

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names (their countrymen), are, at least in their original language, 'a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.' Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of Friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his was worth showing: and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind; these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as 'An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth.'

It is an observation of that celebrated poet,* whose

* Shenstone.

divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species—that ‘humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame.’ If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possest of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces ; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his subscribers, the author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Benevolence and Friendship for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life ; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would. in that case do by others—let him be condemned without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION
TO THE SECOND, OR
EDINBURGH EDITION

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN :

A SCOTTISH BARD, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land ; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors ? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *plough* ; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native Soil, in my native tongue : I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection : I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours : that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours : I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen ; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party: and may Social-joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be, with the sincerest gratitude
and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, *April 4, 1787.*

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THE
POEMS AND SONGS
OF
ROBERT BURNS

THE TWA DOGS:

A TALE

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,*
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure ;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride—na pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messan.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him.
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyiming, ranting, roving billie,

* 'Auld King Coil : ' the ancient King of the Picts.

Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 After some dog * in Highland sang,
 Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
 His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 And unco pack an' thick thegither ;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;
 Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
 An' worried ither in diversion ;
 Until wi' daffin' weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression,
 About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies lived ava.

Our Laird gets in his rackèd rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents ;
 He rises when he likes himsel' ;
 His flunkies answer at the bell ;
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse ;
 He draws a bonnie silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's naught but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
 An' though the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan

* ' Dog : ' Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's ' Fingal.'—B.

Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That 's little short o' downright wastrie.

Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan' :
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it 's past my comprehension.

LUATH

Troth, Cæsar, whyles they 're fash't eneugh ;
A cottar howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like :
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee daddie weans,
An' naught but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger ;
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd it,
They 're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR

But then to see how ye 're neglectit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as saucy by puir folk
As I wad by a stinkin' brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae.
Puir tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
He 'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He 'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear and tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think ;
Though constantly on poortith's brink :
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided ;
An' though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans and 'faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside.
An' whyles twalpenny worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's ;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
The canty auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's ower true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's mony a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle master,
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a parliamentin',
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it :
 For Britain's guid !—guid faith, I doubt it !
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 An' saying Aye or No's they bid him :
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
 To make a tour, and tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by Madrid he takes the route,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowte ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Whore hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel' look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 For Britain's guid !—for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH

Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate ?
 Are we sae foughthen an' haráss'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last ?

Oh would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themselves wi' kintra sports,

It wad for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cottar !
 For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
 Fient haet o' them 's ill-hearted fellows ;
 Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
 Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin' o' a hare or muircock,
 The ne'er a bit they 're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure ?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o' t needna fear them.

CÆSAR

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
 It 's true, they needna starve or sweat,
 Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
 They 've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes ;
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They make enow themsels to vex them ;
 An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion less will hurt them.

A countra fellow at the pleugh,
 His acre 's till'd, he 's right enough ;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzen 's done, she 's unco weel :
 But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
 Wi' even-down want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
 Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless.

An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping through public places,
 There 's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;
 Ae night they 're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
 Neist day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's picture-beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman ;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin' brought the night :
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan ;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK

'Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.'

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch beare can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse ! guid auld Scotch drink ;
Whether through wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name !

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' pease and beans, at e'en or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou king o' grain !

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food !
 Or tumblin' in the boilin' flood,
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin' ;
 Though life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin' ;
 But, oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae downhill, scrievin',
 Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair
 At 's weary toil ;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
 Wi' gentles thou erects thy head ;
 Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
 Even godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspired,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly then thou reams the horn in !
 Or reekin' on a New-year mornin',
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 Oh rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath
 I' th' lugget cap !
 Then Burnewin comes on like death
 At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy then for airn or steel,
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block and studdie ring and reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight ;
 Wae worth the name !
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebours anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the barley bree
 Cement the quarrel !
 It 's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
 To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !
 But mony daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter's season,
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash !
 Fell source o' mony a pain an' brash !
 Twins mony a poor doylt, drunken hash,
 O' half his days !
 An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell ;
 Poor plackless devils like mysel',
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 : O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' whisky punch
 Wi' honest men.

O Whisky, soul o' plays an' pranks !
 Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks ;
 When wantin' thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses !
 Thou comes—they rattle l' their ranks
 At ither's arses !

Thee, Ferintosh ! oh sadly lost !
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast !
 Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast,
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes'* charter'd boast
 Is ta'en awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the whisky stells their prize !
 Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
 There, seize the blinkers !
 An' bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still
 Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
 An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak' a' the rest,
 An' deal 't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

* 'Forbes' of Culloden, who first, by an Act of Parliament, was empowered to distil whisky at his barony of Ferintosh, free of duty. In 1785 this privilege was abolished, but a handsome compensation was made to the Forbes family.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER *

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

' Dearest of distillation ! last and best !
How art thou lost ! '

PARODY ON MILTON

YE Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roopit Muse is hearse !
Your honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin' on her arse
Low i' the dust,
An' screechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me 's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aqua vitæ ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell' yon Premier youth,†
The honest, open, naked truth ;
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble :
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?
Speak out, an' never fash your thoom !

* ' Prayer : ' this was written before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.—B. Previous to that the excise laws were enforced with the utmost rigour.

† ' Premier youth : ' Pitt.

Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em :
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin' votes you were na slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw ;
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin' owre her thrissle ;
 Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle ;
 An' damn'd excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin' a stell,
 Triumphant crushin' 't like a mussel,
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld mither's pot
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trod i' the mire out o' sight !
 But could I like Montgomeries * fight,
 Or gab like Boswell,†
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your honours, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot heat
 Ye winna bear it ?

* 'Montgomeries : ' afterwards the twelfth Lord Eglinton.

† 'Boswell : ' Johnson's Bozzy.

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period and pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues ;
 Then echo through Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster,* a true-blue Scot I'se warran' ;
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran ; †
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
 The Laird o' Graham ; ‡
 An' ane, a chap that's damn'd auldfarran,
 Dundas § his name.

Erskine,|| a spunkie Norland billie ;
 True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay ; ¶
 An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie :
 An' mony ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle ;
 Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
 Ye'll see 't or lang,
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
 Her lost militia ** fired her bluid ;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie !)
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her whisky.

An' Lord, if ance they pit her till 't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
 I' th' first she meets !

* ' Dempster : ' of Dunnichen, Angusshire.

† ' Kilkerran : ' Sir Adam Ferguson.

‡ ' The Laird o' Graham : ' Duke of Montrose.

§ ' Dundas : ' afterwards Lord Melville.

|| ' Erskine : ' Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine.

¶ ' Frederick and Islay : ' one Lord Register, and the other Lord Advocate, for Scotland.

** ' Militia : ' a Militia Bill in 1782, when the country was threatened with invasion, was mangled by Rockingham, and lost.

For God's sake, sirs ! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 An' strive wi' a' your wit and lear
 To get remead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler Charlie Fox,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks :
 But gie him 't het, my hearty cocks !
 E'en cove the cadie !
 An' send him to his dicing box
 An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's *
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
 An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's †
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks, ‡
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach,
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.§

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
 She's just a devil wi' a rung ;
 An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part,
 Though by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen five-and-forty,
 May still your mither's heart support ye ;
 Then, though a minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place.
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

* 'Boconnock : ' the Earl of Chatham was the son of Robert Pitt of Boconnock, in Cornwall.

† 'Nanse Tinnock : ' a worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch drink.—
 B.

‡ 'Tea an' winnocks : ' Pitt reduced the tax on tea, and laid on on windows, in 1781.

§ 'Coalition : ' between Fox, North, and Burke,

God bless your honours a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
 That haunt St. Jamie's !
 Your humble poet sings an' prays
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT

Let half-starved slaves, in warmer skies,
 See future wines, rich clustering, rise ;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blithe and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
 Tak aff their whisky.

What though their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !
 When wretches range in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulther ;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
 Their bauldest thought's a hankering swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
 To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say, such is royal George's will,
 An' there's the foe,
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
 Death comes,—wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
 Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him ;
 An' when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
 In faint huzzas !

Sages their solemn e'en may steek,
 An' raise a philosophic reek,

An' physically causes seek,
 In clime and season.
 But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither !
 Though whiles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
 Ye tine your dam ;
 —Freedom and whisky gang thegither !—
 Tak aff your dram !

THE HOLY FAIR *

' A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty Observation ;
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust
 The dirk of Defamation :
 A mask that like the gorget show'd
 Dye-varying on the pigeon ;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion.'

HYPOCRISY *à la mode*.

I

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air.
 The risin' sun owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin' ;
 The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin'
 Fu' sweet that day.

II

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin' up the way ;

* 'Holy Fair' is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.—B.

Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

III

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes;
 Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes:
 The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 I think you seem to ken me;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
 But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 Of a' the ten commands
 A screed some day.

V

' My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae;
 An' this is Superstition here,
 An' that's Hypocrisy.
 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin':
 Gin ye'll go there, yon runckled pair,
 We will get famous laughin'
 At them this day.'

VI

Quoth I, ' With a' my heart, I'll do 't;
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 An' meet you on the holy spot—
 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin' !'

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready ;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' mony a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cottars ;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith
Are springin' o'er the gutters ;
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter ;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
An' farls baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heapèd up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glower Black-bonnet * throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On every side they 're gath'rin',
Some carryin' deals, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy blethrin'
Right loud that day.

IX

Here stands a shed to fend the showers,
 An' screen our countra gentry,
 There, racer Jess,† an' twa-three whores,
 Are blinkin' at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jads,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 An' there a batch of wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
 For fun this day.

* 'Black-bonnet : ' the elder at the *plate*.

† 'Racer Jess': a half-witted girl, of remarkable pedestrian powers, daughter of Poosie Nancy.

X

Here, some are thinkin' on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyled his shins,
 Anither sighs and prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin' on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

XI

O happy is that man an' blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha 's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin' down beside him !
 Wi' arm reposed on the chair-back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An' s loof upon her bosom,
 Unkenn'd that day.

XII

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation :
 For Moodie * speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' God present him,
 The vera sight o' Moodie's face
 To 's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
 Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin' !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He 's stampin' an' he 's jumpin' !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldrich squeel and gestures,
 Oh ! how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day !

* ' Moodie ; ' minister of Riccarton, a great preacher of terror.

XIV

But hark ! the tent has changed its voice ;
 There 's peace an' rest nae langer :
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 Smith * opens out his cauld harangues
 On practice and on morals ;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

XV

What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral powers and reason ?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That 's right that day.

XVI

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For Peebles,† frae the Water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he 's got the Word o' God,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While Common-Sense ‡ has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,§
 Fast, fast, that day.

XVII

Wee Miller || neist the guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Though in his heart he weel believes
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :

* 'Smith : ' minister of Galston.

† 'Peebles : ' minister of Newton-on-Ayr, called the 'Water-foot ; ' an Evangelical preacher.

‡ 'Common-Sense : ' one Mackenzie, doctor in the village, who had written on some controversial topic under that sobriquet.

§ 'Cowgate : ' a street so called which faces the tent in Mauchline.—B.

|| 'Miller : ' afterwards minister of Kilmaurs, a man of low stature, but great girth,

But, faith ! the birkie wants a manse,
 So, cannily he hums them ;
 Although his carnal wit an' sense
 Like haflins-ways o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

XVIII

Now butt an' ben, the change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup commentators :
 Here 's crying out for bakes and gills,
 An' there the pint-stoup clatters ;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' logic, an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

XIX

Leeze me on drink ! it gies us mair
 Than either school or college :
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
 Be 't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

XX

The lads an' lasses, blithely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They 're making observations ;
 While some are cozy i' the neuk,
 An' formin' assignations
 To meet some day.

XXI

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin',
 An' echoes back return the shouts—
 Black Russell * is na sparin' :

* 'Black Russell : ' afterwards of Stirling. His son, who, like the father, was an excellent man, was minister of Muthil, Perthshire.

O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel'
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebhuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day !

XXVI

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon :
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
 They 're a' in famous tune,
 For crack that day.

XXVII

How mony hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
 As saft as ony flesh is.
 There 's some are fou o' love divine ;
 There 's some are fou o' brandy ;
 An' mony jobs that day begin,
 May end in houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK

A TRUE STORY

I

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd :
 Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid,* at times, to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

* 'A rousing whid : ' in Second Edition—
 'Great lies and nonsense baith to vend.'

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true 's the deil 's in hell,
Or Dublin city :
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty—
I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
 To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenn'd aye
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow
The distant Cumnock hills outwre :
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set mysel' ;
But whether she had three or four,
I could na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin' down on Willie's mill,*
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker ;
Though leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither ;
An awfu' scythe, outowre ae shouter,
Clear-dangling, hang ;
A three-taed leister, on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

* 'Willie's mill': a mill near Mauchline, on the river Faile, occupied by William Muir, a crony of Burns

VII

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
 For sient a wame it had ava ;
 And then, its shanks,
 They were as thin, an' sharp, an' sma',
 As cheeks o' branks.

VIII

' Guid-e'en', quo' I ; ' Friend, hae ye been mawin',
 When ither folk are busy sawin' ? ' *
 It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak ;
 At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun ?—
 Will ye go back ? '

IX

It spak right howe—' My name is Death,
 But be na fley'd.' Quoth I, ' Guid faith,
 Ye're maybe come to stap my breath ;
 But tent me, billie—
 I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
 See, there's a gully.'

X

' Guidman,' quo' he, ' put up your whittle,
 I'm no design'd to try its mettle ;
 But if I did, I wad be kittle
 To be mislear'd,
 I wad na mind it, no that spittle
 Outowre my beard.'

XI

' Weel, weel,' says I, ' a bargain be 't ;
 Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we're gree 't ;
 We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat—
 Come, gie's your news ;
 This while † ye hae been mony a gate,
 At mony a house.'

* ' Busy sawin' : ' this rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.—*B.*

† ' This while : ' an epidemical fever was then raging in that county.—*B.*

XII

' Ay, ay ! ' quo' he, an' shook his head,
 ' It 's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
 Sin' I began to nick the thread,
 An' choke the breath :
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 An' sac maun Death.

XIII

' Sax thousand years are near hand fled,
 Sin' I was to the butching bred,
 An' mony a scheme in vain 's been laid,
 To stap or scaur me ;
 Till ane Hornbook * 's ta'en up the trade,
 An' faith, he 'll waur me.

XIV

' Ye ken Jock Hornbook † i' the clachan,
 Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !
 He 's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan ‡
 An' ither chaps,
 The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
 And pouk my hips.

XV

' See, here 's a scythe, and there 's a dart,
 They hae pierced mony a gallant heart ;
 But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
 And cursed skill,
 Has made them baith no worth a — :
 Damn'd haet they 'll kill.

XVI

' 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 Wi' less, I 'm sure, I 've hundreds slain ;
 But deil-ma-care,
 It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 But did nae mair.

* ' Hornbook : ' this gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is professionally a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.—B.

† ' Jock Hornbook : ' John Wilson, a grocer, schoolmaster, and would-be apothecary in Tarbolton, afterwards a respectable merchant in Glasgow.

‡ ' Buchan : ' Buchan's ' Domestic Medicine.'—B.

XVII

' Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
 And had sae fortified the part,
 That when I lookèd to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
 O' a kail-runt.

XVIII

' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
 But yet the bauld apothecary
 Withstood the shock ;
 I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 O' hard whin rock.

XIX

' Ev'n them he canna get attended,
 Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
 Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
 As soon he smells 't,
 Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At once he tells't.

XX

' And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
 Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
 A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
 He's sure to hae ;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As A, B, C.

XXI

' Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees ;
 True sal-marinum o' the seas,
 The farina of beans and pease,
 He has't in plenty ;
 Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

XXVII

' A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
 Or some curmurring in his guts ;
 His only son for Hornbook sets,
 'An' pays him well--
 The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
 Was laird himsel'.

XXVIII

' A bonnie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
 Some ill-brewn drink had hove'd her wame ;
 She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
 In Hornbook's care ;
 Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
 To hide it there.

XXIX

' That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way ;
 Thus goes he on from day to day,
 Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
 An' s weel paid for 't ;
 Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 Wi' his damn'd dirt :

XXX

' But, hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
 Though dinna ye be speaking o' 't ;
 I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
 As dead 's a herrin' :
 Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 He gets his fairin' !'

XXXI

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which raised us baith :
 I took the way that pleased mysel',
 And sac did Death.

THE BRIGS OF AYR: A POEM

INSCRIBED TO J. BALLANTYNE,* ESQ., AYR

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from every bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-toned plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;
 Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field—
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating prose ?
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward !
 Still, if some patron's generous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace ;
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap ;
 Potatoc-bings are snuggèd up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flowers' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak.
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek :
 The thund'ring guns are heard on every side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tic,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds ?)
 Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs :
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,

* ' Ballantyne : ' an early friend and patron of Burns.

Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
 By whim inspired, or haply press'd wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by Simpson's * wheel'd the left about ;
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, wrapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where, nor why)
 The drowsy Dungeon-clock † had number'd two,
 And Wallace-tower ‡ had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoll'n Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore ;
 All else was hush'd as Nature's clos'd e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.

When, lo ! on either hand the listening Bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
 Swift as the gos † drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
 Our warlock Rhymmer instantly descried
 The Sprites that owre the Brig of Ayr preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And e'en the vera Doils they brawly ken them.)
 Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstled lang,
 Yet, teughly-doure, he bade an unco bang.
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That ho, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got ;
 In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.

* Simpson's : * a noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.—B.

† Dungeon-clock and Wallace-tower : ' the two steeples.—B.

‡ Gos : ' the gos-hawk, or falcon.—B.

The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch ;
 It chanced his new-come neebour took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He down the water gies him this guide'en : -

AULD BRIG

I doubt na', trien', ye 'll think ye 're nae sheepshank,
 Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank !
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
 Though, faith ! that day I doubt ye 'll never see—
 There 'll be, if that date come, I 'll wad a bodle,
 Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
 Will your poor narrow footpath of a street—
 Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet—
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time ?
 There 's men o' taste would tak the Ducat-stream *
 Though they should cast the very sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
 This mony a year I 've stood the flood an' tide ;
 And though wi' crazy eild I 'm sair forfairn,
 I 'll be a brig when ye 're a shapeless cairn !
 As yet ye 'little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted Garpal † draws his feeble source,

* 'Ducat-stream : ' a noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.—B.

† 'Garpal : ' the banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—B.

Aroused by blustering winds and spotting throwes,
 In mony a torrent down his sna'-broo rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs a' to the gate ;
 And from Glenbuck,* down to the Ratton-key,†
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea—
 Then down ye 'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies ;
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG

Fine Architecture, troth, I needs must say 't o' t !
 The Lord be thankit that we 've tint the gate o' t !
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
 O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture dress'd,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest'd ;
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
 The crazed creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace ;
 Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion ;
 Fancies that our guid brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

AULD BRIG

O ye, my dear remember'd ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye ;
 Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly Councils, wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly brethren of the sacred gown,

* ' Glenbuck : ' the source of the river Ayr.—B.

† ' Ratton-key : ' a small landing-place above the large key.—B.

Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers :
 A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And agonising, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degenerate race !
 Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story ;
 Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house ;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your well-hain'd gear on damn'd new brigs
 and harbours !

NEW BRIG

Now haud you there ! for, faith ! ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through ;
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spared :
 To liken them to your auld-world squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth ' a citizen,' a term o' scandal ;
 Nae mair the council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;
 Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisins,
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shored them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell : but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright ;
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danced ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced :
 They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :

While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
 Oh had M'Lauchlan, * thairm-inspiring sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When through his dear strathspeys they bore with High-
 land rage ;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
 And even his matchless hand with finer touch inspired !
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the stream in front appears,
 A venerable chief advanced in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide ;
 Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
 A female form, came from the towers of Stair : †
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Catrine, ‡ their long-loved abode :
 Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death ;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

* 'M'Lauchlan : ' a well-known performer of Scotch music on the violin.—B. He was from Argyleshire, and patronised by the Earl of Eglinton, himself a great musician, and alluded to in the next stanza as 'Courage.'

† 'Towers of Stair : ' the poet alludes here to Mrs. Stewart of Stair, his early patroness:

‡ 'Catrine : ' alluding to Dugald Stewart.

THE ORDINATION *

' For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven—
To please the mob they hide the little given.'

I

KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
O' a' denominations,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, anc an' a',
An' there tak up your stations ;
Then aff to Begbie's † in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' *Maggie Lauder* ; ‡
But Oliphant § aft made her yell,
An' Russell || sair misca'd her ;
This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
An' he 's the boy will blaud her !
He 'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

III

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the *Bangor* :
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she 'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

* • The ordination : ' of Rev. James Mackinlay, in Kilmarnock, whose call and ordination gave the highfliers a great triumph.

† ' Begbie's : ' a tavern near the church.

‡ ' Maggie Lauder : ' alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late reverend and worthy Mr Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk.—*B.* His wife, Margaret Lauder, had been housekeeper to Lord Glencairn ; and he owed, it was said, his promotion to this.

§ ' Oliphant : ' an Evangelical minister in Kilmarnock.

|| ' Russell : ' see former note on page 41.

IV

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aill wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham * leugh at his dad,
 Which made Canaan a nigger ;
 Or Phinehas † drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' whore-abhorring rigour ;
 Or Zipporah, ‡ the scauldin' jaud,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

V

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That stipend is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion ;
 And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin',
 Spare them nae day.

VI

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou 'lt rowte outowre the dale,
 Because thy pasture 's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' runts o' grace the pick and wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

VII

Nae mair by Babel's streams we 'll weep,
 To think upon our Zion ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin' ;
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin' ;
 Oh, rare to see our elbucks wheep,
 An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
 Fu' fast this day !

* ' Ham : ' Genesis ix. 22.

† ' Phinehas : ' Numbers xxv. 8.

‡ ' Zipporah : ' Exodus iv. 25,

VIII

Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shored the Kirk's undoin',
 As lately Fenwick,* sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our patron, honest man ! Glencairn,
 He saw mischief was brewin' ;
 And like a godly elect bairn
 He's waled us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

IX

Now, Robertson,† harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever :
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a shaver ;
 Or to the Netherton ‡ repair,
 And turn a carpel-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

X

Mutrie § and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones :
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin' baudrons :
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons :
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

XI

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingin' through the city ;
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow it's unco pretty :

* 'Fenwick : ' one Boyd was forced upon the parish of Fenwick in 1782.

† 'Robertson : ' the colleague of Mackinlay, a moderate.

‡ 'Netherton : ' a part of Kilmarnock full of weavers.

§ 'Mutrie : ' Mackinlay's predecessor.

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie *
 Her plaint this day.

XII

But there 's Morality himsel'
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gie's the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin' onions !
 Now there—they 're packèd aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

XIII

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come housè about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall heré nae mair find quarter :
 Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys,
 That Heresy can torture :
 They 'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By the head some day.

XIV

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here 's for a conclusion,
 To every New Light † mōther's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion :
 If mair they deave us with their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We 'll light a spunk, and every skin,
 We 'll rin them aff in fusion,
 Like oil, some day.

* 'James Beattie' the author of the *Essay on Truth*, and *The Minstrel*.

† 'New Light : ' is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

THE CALF

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN *

On his Text, Malachi iv. 2—' And they shall go forth, and grow up,
like calves of the stall.'

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I 'll prove it true,
Though heretics may laugh ;
For instance, there 's yoursel' just now,
God knows, an unco calf !

And should some patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we 'll find,
Ye 're still as great a stirk.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly power,
You e'er should be a stot !

Though, when some kind, connubial dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the nowte.

And when ye 're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
' Here lies a famous bullock ! '

* ' Rev. Mr. James Steven : ' minister, afterwards, of Kilwinning, Ayrshire. These verses were written for a wager with Gavin Hamilton.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

' O Prince ! O Chief of many thronèd powers !
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.'

MILTON

I.

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

II

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be ;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel !

III

Great is thy power, and great thy fame ;
Far kenn'd and noted is thy name ;
An' though yon lowin' heugh 's thy hame,
Thou travels far ;
An', faith ! thou 's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

IV

Whyles, ranging like a roarin' lion,
For prey a' holes an' corners tryin' ;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirlin' the kirks ;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

V

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

VI

When twilight did my grannie summon,
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman !
 Aft yont the dyke she 's heard you bummin',
 Wi' eerie drone ;
 Or, rustlin', through the boortries comin',
 Wi' heavy groan.

VII

Ae dreary, windy winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,
 Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough ;
 Ye, like a rash-bush stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sough.

VIII

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stour, 'quaick—quaick'
 Amang the springs,
 Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

IX

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed ;
 And in kirkyards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

X

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in yain ;
 For, oh ! the yellow treasure 's taen
 By witching skill ;
 And dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
 As yeld 's the bill.

XI

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse ;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit.
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

XII

When throwes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 And float the jinglin' icy-boord,
 Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction,
 And 'nighted travellers are allured
 To their destruction.

XIII

An' aft your moss-travèrsing spunkies
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
 The bleezin', cursèd mischièvous monkeys
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

XIV

When masons' mystic word an' grip,
 In storms an' tempests raise you up.
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell !
 The youngest brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell !

XV

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 And all the soul of love they shared,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant, flowery swaird,
 In shady bower :

XXI

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben !
 O wad ye tak a thought and men' !
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 E'en for your sake !

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR
 MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE:

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

As Mailie and her lambs thegither,
 Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 And owre she warsled in the ditch :
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When Hughoc * he cam doytin' by.
 Wi' glowrin' e'en, and lifted han's,
 Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's ;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he couldna mend it !
 He gapèd wide, but naething spak ;
 At length poor Mailie silence brak :

' O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case,
 My dying words attentive hear,
 An' bear them to my master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 Oh, bid him never tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !
 But ca' them out to park or hill,
 And let them wander at their will ;
 So may his flock increase, and grow
 To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo' !

* ' Hughoc : ' a neighbour herd-callan.—E.

' Tell him, he was a master kin',
 And aye was guid to me and mine ;
 And now my dying charge I gie him—
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

' Oh, bid him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives !
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel' ;
 And tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
 Wi' teats o' hay, an' rippis o' corn.

' And may they never learn the gates
 Of other vile, wanrestfu' pets !
 To slink through slaps, and reave an' steal,
 At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears,
 For mony a year come through the sheers :
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

' My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
 Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care !
 And if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast !
 And warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;
 And no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

' And neist my yowie, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
 O ! may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit moorland toop ;
 But aye keep mind to moop an' mell
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel' !

' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith :
 And when you think upo' your mither,
 Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

' Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my maister a' my tale ;
 And bid him burn this cursèd tether,
 And, for thy pains, thou 'se get my blether.'

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
And closed her e'en amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead ;
The last sad cap-stane o' his woes—
Poor Mailie 's dead !

It 's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed :
He 's lost a friend and neebour dear,
In Mailie dead.

Through a' the toun she trotted by him ;
A long half-mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
And could behave hersel' wi' mense :
I'll say 't, she never brak a fence,
Through thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie 's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips :
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed :
A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape !
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin' dread ;
And Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Maillie dead.

O a' ye bards on bonnie Doon !
An' wha on Ayr your chanter's tune .
Come join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed !
His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead.

TO JAMES SMITH *

**'Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much!'**

BLAIR

I

DEAR SMITH, the slee'est, paukie thief
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

II

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you :
And every ither pair that 's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

III

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature.

* * James Smith : ' a calico-printer, who died in the West Indies.

IV

V

VI

VII

VIII

‘ There ’s iither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o’ letters,
Hae thought they had insured their debtors
A’ future ages ;
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages.’

IX

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I 'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 And teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

X

I 'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till Fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
 I 'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

XI

But why o' death begin a tale ?
 Just now we 're living sound and hale,
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave care o'er side !
 And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let 's tak the tide.

XII

This life, sae far 's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
 Where Pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

XIII

The magic wand, then, let us wield ;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty 's speel'd,
 See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
 Wi' wrinkled face,
 Comes hostin', hirplin' owre the field,
 Wi' creepin' pace.

XIV

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
 Then fareweel vacant careless roamin' ;
 And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
 And social noise ;
 And fareweel dear, deluding woman !
 The joy of joys !

XV

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.

XVI

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;
 And though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

XVII

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
 For which they never toil'd nor swat,
 They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
 But care or pain ;
 And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

XVIII

With steady aim some Fortune chase ;
 Keen Hope does every sinew brace ;
 Through fair, through foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey :
 Then cannie, in some cozie place,
 They close the day.

XIX

And others, like your humble servan',
 Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin' ;
 To right or left, eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on ;
 Till curst with age, obscure and starvin',
 They aften groan.

XX

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce with peevish, poor complaining !
 Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let 's sing our sang.

XXI

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, ' Ye Powers ! ' and warm implore,
 ' Though I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Aye rowth o' rhymes.

XXII

' Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 And maids of honour !
 And yill and whisky gie to cairds,
 Until they sconner.

XXIII

' A title—Dempster * merits it ;
 A garter gie to Willie Pitt ;
 Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 But give me real, sterling wit,
 And I'm content.

* ' Dempster : ' see a former note.

XXIV

‘ While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I’ll sit down o’er my scanty meal,
 Be’t water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi’ cheerfu’ face,
 As lang’s the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace.’

XXV

An anxious e’e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath Misfortune’s blows,
 As weel’s I may ;
 Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
 I rhyme away.

XXVI

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compared wi’ you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives, a dyke !

XXVII

Nae hair-brain’d sentimental traces
 In your unletter’d, nameless faces !
 In *arioso* trills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
 Ye hum away.

XXVIII

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt your wise ;
 Nae ferly though ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin’ squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road.

XXIX

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' you to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM

' Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason ;
 But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason ? '

On reading, in the public papers, the Laureate's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropped asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee ; and in his dreaming fancy made the following Address.—B.

I

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty !
 May Heaven augment your blisses,
 On every new birthday ye see,
 A humble poet wishes !
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Amang the birthday dresses
 Sae fine this day.

II

I see ye 're complimented thrang.
 By mony a lord and lady,
 ' God save the king ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
 That 's unco easy said aye ;
 The poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But aye unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

III

For me, before a monarch's face,
 Even there I winna flatter ;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor :

So, nae reflection on your grace,
 Your kingship to bespatter ;
 There 's mony waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

IV

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 But facts are chieles that winna ding,
 And downa be disputed :
 Your royal nest,* beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 And less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

V

Far be 't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation !
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye 've trusted ministration
 To chaps, wha in a barn or byre
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

VI

And now ye 've gi'en auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister ;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester ;
 For me, thank God ! my life 's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,
 Or, faith ! I fear, that wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

VII

I 'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (And Will 's a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not Envy spairges)

* ' Royal nest : ' alluding to the loss of America.

That he intends to pay your debt,
 And lessen a' your charges ;
 But, God-sake ! let nae saving fit
 Abridge your bonnie barges *
 And boats this day.

VIII

Adieu, my liege ! may Freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection ;
 And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection !
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your Queen, with due respect,
 My fealty and subjection
 This great birthday.

IX

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent !
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye ?
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heaven has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

X

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 And curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

XI

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak a noble aiver ;
 So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver :

* ' Barges : ' alluding to a proposition, in 1786, by Captain Macbride, to give up 64 gun-ships and make other reductions in the Navy.

There, him * at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,†
 He was an unco shaver,
 For mony a day.

XII

For you, right reverend Osnaburg,‡
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Although a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer :
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith ! and get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth ! ye 'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

XIII

Young royal Tarry Breeks,§ I learn,
 Ye 've lately come athwart her,—
 A glorious galley,|| stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter ;
 But first hang out, that she 'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 And large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

XIV

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heaven mak you guid as weel as braw,
 And gie you lads a-plenty :
 But sneer na British boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant aye ;
 And German gentles are but sma',
 They 're better just than want aye,
 On ony day.

* 'Him : ' King Henry V.—B.

† 'Sir John : ' Sir John Falstaff, *vide* Shakspeare.—B.

‡ 'Osnaburg : ' afterwards the Duke of York.

§ 'Tarry Breeks : ' afterwards William IV.

|| 'Galley : ' alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's
 amour.—B.

XV

God bless you a' ! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautit ;
 But, ere the course o' life be through,
 It may be bitter sautit ;
 And I hae seen their coggie fou,
 That yet hae tarrow 't at it ;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The lagger they hae clautit
 Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION

DUAN FIRST *

I

THE sun had closed the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,
 And hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

II

The thrasher's weary flingin'-tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me ;
 And whan the day had closed his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

III

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek
 I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
 That fill'd wi' hoast-provoking smeek
 The auld clay biggin' ;
 And heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin'.

* 'Duan : ' a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.—B.

IV

All in this motty, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
And done nae thing,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme;
For fools to sing.

V

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank, and clarkit
My cash-account :
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' the amount.

VI

I started, muttering, blockhead ! coof !
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

VII

When, click ! the string the sneck did draw ;
And, jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight,

VIII

**Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen ;
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
 And steppit ben.**

XIV

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetched floods ;
 There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds :
 Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,
 On to the shore ;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

XV

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient burgh rear'd her head ;
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race,
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

XVI

By stately tower or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern ;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With feature stern.

XVII

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race * heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
 In sturdy blows ;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their southron foes.

XVIII

His country's saviour,† mark him well !
 Bold Richardton's ‡ heroic swell ;

* ' A race : ' the Wallaces.—B.

† ' Country's saviour : ' William Wallace.—B.

‡ ' Richardton : ' Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.—B.

The chief on Sark * who glorious fell,
In high command ;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

XIX

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade †
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colours strong ;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismay'd
They strode along.

XX

Through many a wild romantic grove,†
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love)
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

XXI

With deep-struck, reverential awe,
The learnèd sire and son § I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore—
This, all its source and end to draw ;
 That, to adore.

XXII

Brydone's brave ward † I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ;

* 'Sark:' Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.—B.

† 'Pictish shade': Collus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seal of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial place is still shown.—B.

† 'Romantic grove : ' Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.—*B.* Sir T. Miller, afterwards President of the Court of Session.

§ 'Learned sire and son:' Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.—B.

|| 'Brydone's brave ward:' Colonel Fullarton.—*B.* Fullarton had travelled with Patrick Brydone, the once celebrated traveller, as his ward.

Who call'd on Fame, low-standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND

XXIII

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming fair ;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

XXIV

' All hail ! my own inspired bard !
In me thy native Muse regard !
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low !
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

XXV

' Know, the great Genius of this land,
Has many a light, ærial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

XXVI

' They Scotia's race among them share ;
Some fire the soldier on to dare ;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart :
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

XXVII

' 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits, pour ;

XXXIII

' Some, bounded to a district-space
 Explore at large man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic bard ;
 And careful note each opening grace,
 A guide and guard.

XXXIV

' Of these am I—Coila my name ;
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells,* chiefs of fame,
 Held ruling power :
 I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
 Thy natal hour.

XXXV

' With future hope, I oft would gaze
 Fond, on thy little early ways,
 Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
 Fired at the simple, artless lays
 Of other times.

XXXVI

' I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar ;
 Or, when the North his fleecy store
 Drove through the sky,
 I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.

XXXVII

' Or when the deep green-mantled earth
 Warm cherish'd every floweret's birth
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In every grove,
 I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

* * Campbells : ' the Loudoun branch of that family ; Mossgeil was the Earl of Loudoun's property.

XLIII

‘ Yet, all beneath the unrivall’d rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows :
Though large the forest’s monarch throws
 His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 Adown the glade.

XLIV

‘ Then never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
And, trust me, not Potosi’s mine,
 Nor kings’ regard,
Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 A rustic Bard.

XLV

‘ To give my counsels all in one,—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
Preserve the dignity of Man,
 With soul erect ;
And trust, the Universal Plan
 With all protect.

XLVI

‘ And wear thou this ’—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head :
The polish’d leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

' My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither ;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither :
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.'

SOLOMON.—*Eccles.* vii. 16

I

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel'
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye 've naught to do but mark and tell
Your neebour's fauts and folly !
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapit happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaiket Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard
What maks the mighty differ ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin'.

IV

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.

V

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they 're grown
Debauchery and Drinking :
Oh, would they stay to calculate
The eternal consequences ;
Or, your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses !

VI

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye 're aiblins nae temptation.

VII

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it :
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias :
 Then at the balance let 's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What 's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what 's resisted.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY *

' An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

POPE

I

HAs auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil ?
 Or great Mackinlay † thrawn his heel ?
 Or Robertson ‡ again grown weel,
 To preach an' read ?
 ' Na, waur than a' ! ' cries ilka chiel—
 ' Tam Samson 's dead !

II

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
 And sigh, and sab, and greet her lane,
 And cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
 In mourning weed ;
 To death, she 's dearly paid the kane—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

III

The brethren o' the mystic level
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,

* ' Tam Samson's Elegy : ' when this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, ' the last of his fields ; ' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint, the author composed his elegy and epitaph.—*B.* Samson was a nursery and seedsman, and a great sportsman.

† ' Mackinlay : ' a certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* ' The Ordination,' stanza ii.—*B.*

‡ ' Robertson : ' another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also ' The Ordination,' stanza ix.—*B.*

While by their nose the tears will revel
 Like ony bead ;
 Death 's gien the lodge an unco devel—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

IV

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire up like a rock ;
 When to the lochs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed ;
 Wha will they station at the cock ?—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

V

He was the king o' a' the core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time of need ;
 But now he lags on death's hog-score—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

VI

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
 Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead !

VII

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a' ;
 Ye cootie muircocks, crouselly craw ;
 Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal fae is now awa'—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

VIII

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed ;
 But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

IX

In vain auld age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;
 In vain the burns cam' down like waters,
 An acre braid !
 Now every auld wife, greetin', clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead !

X

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead !

XI

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 ' Lord, five ! ' he cried, an' owre did stagger—
 Tam Samson's dead !

XII

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon auld grey stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !

XIII

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed ;
 Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !—
 Tam Samson's dead !

XIV.

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his memory crave
 O' pouter and lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead !

XV

Heaven rest his saul, whare'er he be !
 Is the wish o' mony mae than me :
 He had twa faults, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead ?
 Ae social, honest man want we :
 Tam Samson's dead !

THE EPITAPH

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots, spare him !
 If honest worth in Heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA

Go, Fame ! and canter like a filly,
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie,*
 Tell every social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's leevin'.

* ' Killie : ' is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.
 —B.

HALLOWE'EN *

' Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.'

GOLDSMITH

The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood ; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations ; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with the perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.—B.

I

UPON that night, when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance ;
Or for Colzean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
There, up the cove,‡ to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

II

Amang the bonnie winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce § ance ruled the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear,

* 'Hallowe'en:' is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands ; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.—B.

† 'Cassilis Downans:' certain little romantic rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ 'Cove:' a noted cavern near Colzean-house, called The Cove of Colzean ; which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.—B.

§ 'Bruce:' the famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—B.

Some merry, friendly countra folks
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pu' their stocks,
 And haud their Hallowe'en,
 Fu' blithe that night.

III

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine ;
 Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, and warm, and kin' :
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
 Whiles fast at night.

IV

Then first and foremost, through the kail,
 Their stocks * maun a' be sought ance ;
 They steek their e'en, and graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes and straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 And wander'd through the bow-kail,
 And pu't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

V

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar and cry a' throu'ther ;
 The vera wee things, todlin', rin
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther ;

* 'Stocks : ' the first ceremony of Hallowe'en is pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with : its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune ; and the state of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.—B.

And gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
 Wi' joktelegs they taste them ;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've placed them
 To lie that night.

VI

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
 To pu' their stalks o' corn ; *
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast :
 Loud skirled a' the lasses ;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kittlin' in the fause-house †
 Wi' him that night.

VII

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordet nits ‡
 Are round and round divided,
 And mony lads' and lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side
 And burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
 And jump outowre the chimlie,
 Fu' high that night.

VIII

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
 But this is Jock, an' this is me,
 She says in to hersel' :

* ' Stalks o' corn : ' they go to the barnyard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.—B.

† ' Fause-house : ' when the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, etc., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a *fause-house*.—B.

‡ ' Nits : ' burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.—B.

He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part ;
 Till, fuff ! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see 't that night.

IX

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie ;
 And Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compared to Willie :
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, and swoor, by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

X

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel' an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin' :
 Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to look for 't :
 Rob, stowlins, pried her bonnie mou',
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for 't,
 Unseen that night.

XI

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
 And slips out by hersel' :
 She through the yard the nearest taks,
 And to the kiln she goes then,
 And darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the blue-clue * throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

* * Blue-clue : ' whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions :—Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn ; wind it in a new clue of the old one : and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread ; demand, Wha hauds ? i.e., who holds ? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.—B.

XII

And aye she win 't, and aye she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin' ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid Lord ! but she was quakin' !
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel',
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en' ;
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na' wait on talkin'
 To spier that night.

XIII

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me, grannie ?
 I'll eat the apple * at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnny : '
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
 She notice 't na an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out through that night.

XIV

' Ye little skelpie-limmer's face !
 How daur you try sic sportin',
 As seek the foul thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune ?
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight !
 Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
 And lived and died deleeret
 On sic a night.

XV

' Ae hairst afore the Sherra-muir,
 I mind 't as weel's yestreen,
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
 I was na past fyfteen :

* ' Eat the apple : ' take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass ; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time ; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.—B.

The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 And stuff was unco green ;
 And aye a rantin' kirk we gat,
 And just on Hallowe'en
 It fell that night.

xvi

' Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That lived in Achmacalla :
 He gat hemp-seed,* I mind it weel,
 And he made unco light o' t ;
 But mony a day was by himsel',
 He was sae sairly frightened
 That vera night.'

xvii

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
 And he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peck ;
 For it was a' but nonsense.
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An' out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
 And try 't that night.

xviii

He marches through amang the stacks,
 Though he was something sturtin',
 The graip he for a harrow taks,
 And hurls at his curpin :
 And every now an' then, he says,
 ' Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
 And her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me, and draw thee,
 As fast this night.'

* 'Hemp-seed : ' steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed ; harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, ' Hemp-seed, I saw thee ; hemp-seed, I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pu' thee.' Look over you left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, ' Come after me and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself : in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ' Come after me, and harrow thee.'

XIX

He whistled up ' Lord Lennox' March,
 To keep his courage cheerie ;
 Although his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie :
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' grunle ;
 He by his shouter gae a keek,
 And tumbled wi' a wintle
 Out-owre that night.

XX

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation ;
 And young and auld cam rinnin' out,
 And hear the sad narration :
 He swoor 'twas hilchin' Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till, stop !—she trotted through them a'—
 And wha was it but grumphié,
 Asteer that night !

XXI

Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gaen,
 To win thrée wechts o' naething ; *
 But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 And twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

* ' Win three wechts o' naething : ' this charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible ; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht* ; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.—B.

XXII

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 And owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters ;
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 And she cried, Lord preserve her !
 And ran through midden-hole 'an' a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice,*
 Was timmer propt for thrawin' ;
 He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome carlin' ;
 And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes came haurlin'
 Aff 's nieves that night.

XXIV

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As cantie as a kittlin' ;
 But, och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin' !
 She through the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed screevin',
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,†
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

* ' Faddom'd thrice : ' take an opportunity of going unnoticed, to a bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.—B.

† ' Met at a burn : ' you go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where ' three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.—B.

XXV

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As through the glen it wimplet ;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimplet ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

XXVI

Amang the brackens, on the brae,
 Between her and the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up and gae a croon ;
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three * are ranged,
 And every time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed ;
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heaved them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na wearie ;
 And unco tales, and funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheerie ;

* 'Luggies three:' take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty ; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand, if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.—B.

Till butter'd so'ns,* wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin' ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin'
 Fu' blithe that night.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE, ON GIVING HER THE
 ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE
 NEW-YEAR

I

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie !
 Hae, there 's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
 Though thou 's howe-backit now, and knaggie,
 I've seen the day
 Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

II

Though now thou 's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 And thy auld hide 's as white 's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dapplet, sleek, and glaizie,
 A bonnie gray :
 He should been tight that daur't to raise thee,
 Ance in a day.

III

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 And set weel down a shapely shank,
 As e'er tread yird ;
 And could hae flown out-owre a stank,
 Like ony bird.

* 'Butter'd so'ns;' sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Hallowe'en supper*.—B.

IV

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my guid father's meare ;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark ;
 Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
 An' thou was stark.

V

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
 Ye then was trottin' wi' your minny :
 Though ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie ;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
 And unco sonsie.

VI

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonnie bride :
 And sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air !
 Kyle Stewart I could braggèd wide
 For sic a pair.

VII

Though now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
 And wintle, like a saumont-coble,
 That day ye was a jinker noble,
 For heels an' win' !
 And ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin'.

VIII

When thou an' I were young and skeigh,
 And stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
 And tak the road !
 Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
 And ca't thee mad.

IX

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow.
 We took the road aye like a swallow :
 At brooses * thou had ne'er a fellow
 For pith and speed ;
 But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Where'er thou gaed.

X

The sma', droop-~~rumplet~~ hunter cattle,
 Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
 But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle
 And gar't them whaizle :
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazel.

XI

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
 Aft thee an' I, in aught hours' gaun,
 In guid March weather,
 Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
 For days thegither.

XII

Thou never braing't an' fetch't, an' fliskit
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 And spread abreed thy weel-fill'd briskit,
 Wi' pith and power,
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
 An' slypet owre.

XIII

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
 And threaten'd labour back to keep,
 I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
 Aboon the timmer ;
 I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer.

* ' Broose : ' a race at a wedding, see ' Hogg's Tales,' *passim*.

XIV

In cart or car thou never reestit ;
 The steyst brae thou wad hae faced it ;
 Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw ;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa'.

XV

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a' ;
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw
 Forbye sax mae, I've selt awa'
 That thou has nurst :
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst.

XVI

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought
 And wi' the weary warl' fought !
 And mony an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat !
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

XVII

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou 's less deservin',
 And thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last fow,
 A heapit stimpert I'll reserve ane,
 Laid by for you.

XVIII

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
 To some hain'd rig,
 Where ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER 1785

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
 Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
I 'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss 't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
And naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter pass'd
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou 's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch cauld !

Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee ?
 Whare wilt thou cower thy chitt'ring wing,
 And close thy e'e ?

E'en you, on murdering errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exiled,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain ;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain
 Slow, solemn, stole :—

' Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice unrepenting,
 Than Heaven-illumin'd man on brother man bestows !

' See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Woe, want, and murder o'er a land !
 E'en in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide ;
 And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefined,
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

' Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 The powers you proudly own ?

Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone ?
 Mark maiden-innocence a prey—
 To love-pretending snares,
 This boasted Honour turns away,
 Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears, and unavailing prayers !
 Perhaps, this hour, in Misery's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast !

' Oh ye who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clamorous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the driftty heap !
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch already crushèd low
 By cruel Fortune's undeservèd blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss ! '

I heard nae mair, for chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Through all His works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

A BROTHER POET *

January 1784.

I

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin' jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fireside ;
 But hanker and canker
 To see their cursed pride.

II

It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shared ;
 How best o' chieils are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair 't :
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Though we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 'Mair spier na, nor fear na,' †
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o' 't, the warst o' 't,
 Is only for to beg.

III

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !

* 'Brother poet : ' David Sillar, one of the club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect.

† 'Fear na : ' Ramsay.—B.

Yet then content could make us blest ;
 Even then, sometimes, we 'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that 's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile :
 And mind still, you 'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we 'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

IV

What though, like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hall ?
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year :
 On braes when we please, then,
 We 'll sit an' sowth a tune ;
 Syne rhyme till 't, we 'll time till 't,
 And sing 't when we hae dune,

V

It 's no in titles nor in rank ;
 It 's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It 's no in making muckle mair :
 It 's no in books ; it 's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart aye 's the part aye,
 That makes us right or wrang.

VI

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive through wet an' dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;

Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that 's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless, and fearless.
 Of either heaven or hell !
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It 's a' an idle tale !

VII

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An 's thankfu' for them yet :
 They gie the wit of age to youth ;
 They let us ken oursel' ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Though losses, and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
 Ye 'll find nae other where.

VIII

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts !
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flattery I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I ;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
 And joys the very best.
 There 's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien' ;
 Ye hae your Meg,* your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean !
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name :
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

* ' Meg : ' Margaret Orr, a servant of Mrs. Stewart of Stair.

IX

O all ye Powers who rule above !
 O Thou, whose very self art Love !
 Thou know'st my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming through my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou Being, All-seeing,
 Oh hear my fervent prayer ;
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care !

X

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow !
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean !

XI

Oh, how that name inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin', rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glourin' owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hiltch, and stilt, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit ;

But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A
FRIEND'S AMOUR

'Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe !'
HOMER

I

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !
With woe I nightly vigils keep
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

II

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-mark'd distant hill :
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill :
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease !
Ah ! must the agonising thrill
For ever bar returning peace ?

III

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
The oft attested Powers above ;
The promised father's tender name—
These were the pledges of my love !

IV

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptured moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and her's alone !
 And must I think it !—is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

V

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth ?
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie through rough distress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

VI

'Ye wing'd hours that o'er us pass'd,
 Enraptured more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 Even every ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom !

VII

The morn that warms the approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe :
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant western main.

VIII

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief :

Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright :
 E'en day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX

O thou bright Queen ! who o'er th' expanse
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway !
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observed us, fondly-wandering, stray !
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

X

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes never, never to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn !
 From every joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander through ;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY

AN ODE

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
 O life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning scenes appear !
 What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Even when the wished end 's denied,
 Yet while the busy means are plied,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet every sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same ;
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply, to his evening thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream ;
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heaven on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
 Where never human footstep traced,
 Less fit to play the part ;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown !

How ill-exchanged for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage !
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining age !

WINTER

A DIRGE

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

‘ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,’ *
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be blest,
 Because they are Thy will !
 Then all I want (oh, do Thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.

* ‘ O’ercast : ’ Dr. Young.—B.

THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN,* ESQ.

' Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor.'

GRAY

I

My loved, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary hard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end ;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

II

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn cottar frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree :
 The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily.
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

* ' Aiken : ' a writer in Ayr and great friend of Burns.

IV

Belyve, the elder bairns came drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun',
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibour town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, tó show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd unnoticed fleet ;
Each tells the uncós that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The youngkers a' are warnèd to obey ;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play :
' And oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
And mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might ;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !'

VII

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibour lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleased, the mother hears its nae wild, worthless rake.

VIII

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappin' youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

IX

O happy love !—where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures !—bliss beyond compare
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

X

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ;
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild ?

XI

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 And aft he's press'd, and aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a townmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And ' Let us worship God ! ' he says, with solemn air.

XIII

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps ' Dundee's ' wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive ' Martyrs,' worthy of the name ;
Or noble ' Elgin ' beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
How Abram was the friend of God on high !
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :
How His first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

XVI

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,' *
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul ;
 And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII

Then homeward all take off their several way :
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

XIX

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man 's the noblest work of God : '
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ?—a cumbrous load.
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

* Pope's ' Windsor Forest.'—B.

XX

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

XXI

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted * heart ;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DIRGE

I

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II

' Young stranger, whither wanderest thou ? '
 Began the reverend sage ;
 ' Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ?

* ' Undaunted : ' it was originally ' great unhappy.'

Or haply, press'd with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man !

III

' The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride :
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return ;
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

IV

' O man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
 Mispending all thy precious hours ;
 Thy glorious youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
 That man was made to mourn.

V

' Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right :
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want—oh ! ill-match'd pair :—
 Show man was made to mourn.

VI

' A few seem favourites of fate.
 In pleasure's lap caress'd ;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh ! what crowds in every land,
 Are wretched and forlorn ;
 Through weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

VII

' Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII

' See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worn
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX

' If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?

X

' Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last !
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn !

XI

' O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !

The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;
 But, oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn !'

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear !
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun—
 As something, loudly, in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done—

Thou know'st that Thou has formèd me
 With passions wild and strong ;
 And list'ning to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stept aside,
 Do thou, All-good ! for such thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But, Thou art good ; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene ?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between :
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms :
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence !'
 Fain promise never more to disobey ;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way :
 Again in folly's path might go astray ;
 Again exalt the brute, and sink the man ;
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran ?

O Thou, great Governor of all below !
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controlling power assist even me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 Oh, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine !

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S * HOUSE ONE NIGHT,
 THE AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING

VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above !
 I know Thou wilt me hear :
 When for this scene of peace and love
 I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleased to spare !
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
 But spare a mother's tears !

* 'Reverend Friend ;' Mr Laurie of Loudoun.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush—
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous, seraph sister-band.
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand—
Guide Thou their steps away !

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven !

THE FIRST PSALM

THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest,

A PRAYER

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH

O THOU Great Being ! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distress'd,
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
Oh free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine !

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command ;

That power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that 's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought :
 Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
 Return ye into naught ! '

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
 In everlasting sleep ;
 As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
 In beauty's pride array'd ;
 But long ere night, cut down, it lies
 All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,
 IN APRIL 1786

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou 's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it 's no thy neibour sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade !
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

TO RUIN

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all !
 With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.

Then lowering, and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread ;
 Though thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.

And thou grim Power, by life abhorr'd,
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day ;
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay ?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face ;
 Enclaspèd, and graspèd
 Within thy cold embrace.

TO MISS LOGAN*

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,
 JAN. 1, 1787

AGAIN the silent wheels of Time
 Their annual round have driven,
 And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
 The infant year to hail ;
 I send you more than India boasts
 In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
 Is charged, perhaps, too true ;
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove
 An Edwin still to you !

* ' Miss Logan : ' sister of Major Logan, a retired military officer in Ayr.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND *

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento ;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye 'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye 'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end 's attain'd ;
And a' your views may come to naught,
Where every nerve is strain'd.

I 'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked ;
But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It 's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer :
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neibour's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.

* 'Young friend : ' Andrew Aiken, son of Robert Aiken. He became British Consul in Riga.

Conceal yoursel' as weel 's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek through every other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt the illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it :
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But, och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by every wile
That 's justified by honour ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border ;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And e'en the rigid feature ;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven,
Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear, amiable youth !

Your heart can ne'er be wanting ;

May prudence, fortitude, and truth,

Erect your brow undaunting !

In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'

Still daily to grow wiser !

And may you better reckon the rede,

Than ever did the adviser !

ON A SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES

A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,

A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,

A' ye wha live and never think,

 Come mourn wi' me !

Our billie 's gi'en us a' a jink,

 And owre the sea.

Lament him, a' ye rantin' core,

Wha dearly like a random-splore,

Nae mair he 'll join the merry roar,

 In social key ;

For now he 's ta'en anither shore,

 And owre the sea !

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,

And in their dear petitions place him :

The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,

 Wi' tearfu' e'e ;

For weel I wat they 'll sairly miss him

 That 's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !

Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,

Wha can do naught but fyke an' fumble,

 'Twad been nae plea ;

But he was gleg as ony wumble,

 That 's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,

And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear,

'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,

 In flinders flee ;

He was her laureate mony a year,

 That 's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-wast
 Lang must'ring up a bitter blast ;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So took a berth afore the mast,
 And owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach
 Could ill agree ;
 So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
 Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding—
 He dealt it free :
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That 's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 And hap him in a cozie biel :
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 And fou' o' glee ;
 He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That 's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie !
 Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnillie !
 I'll toast ye in my hinmost gillie,
 Though owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race !
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm :
 Weel are ye worthy of a grace
 As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,

Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While through your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch ;
And then, oh what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums ;
Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,
' Bethankit ' hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip lash,
His nieve a nit ;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his waleie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Powers, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a haggis !

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin', flethrin' dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
 Because ye 're surnamed like his Grace,*
 Perhaps related to the race ;
 Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefu' ;
 For me, sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough :
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg ;
 Sae I shall say, an' that 's nae flatt'rin',
 It 's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
 He may do weel for a' he 's done yet,
 But only he 's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me),
 On every hand it will allow'd be,
 He 's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What 's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What ance he says he winna brak it ;
 Aught he can lend he 'll no refuse 't,
 Till aft his guidness is abusèd ;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Even that, he does na mind it lang :
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;

* ' His Grace : ' the Duke of Hamilton.

It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature :
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
 Wha never heard of Orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 It's no through terror of damnation ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal through a winnock frae a whore,
 But point the rake that taks the door :
 Be to the poor like ony whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone ;
 Ply every art o' legal thieving ;
 No matter—stick to sound believing !

Learn three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang wry faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own ;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
 For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin' !
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
 Just frets till Heaven commission gies him :
 While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,
 And strikes the ever deepening tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my dedication ;
 But when divinity comes 'cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to you :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, ever pray,
 But that 's a word I need na say :
 For prayin' I hae little skill o' t ;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o' t ;
 But I 'se repeat each poor man's prayer,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir—

' May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
 Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk !
 May ne'er his generous, honest heart,
 For that same generous spirit smart !
 May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
 Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
 To serve their king and country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 Till his wee curlie John 's ier-oe,
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow ! '

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours
 I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent !)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,

Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor ?
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heaven !
 While recollection's power is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife,
 I, through the tender, gushing tear,
 Should recognise my master dear,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my FRIEND and BROTHER !

TO A LOUSE

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET, AT CHURCH

HA ! whare ye gaur, ye crowlin' ferlie ?
 Your impudence protects you sairly :
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace ;
 Though, faith ! I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
 How daur ye set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady !
 Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle,
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumpin' cattle,
 In shoals and nations ;
 Whare horn or bane ne'er dare unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye 're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight ;
 Na, faith ye yet ! ye 'll no be right
 Till ye 've got on it,
 The vera tapmost tow'ring height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump and grey as ony grozet ;

Oh for some rank mercurial rozet,
Or fell red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surprised to spy
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy ;
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On 's wyliecoat ;
 But Miss's fine Lunardi ! * fle !
 How daur ye do 't ?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad !
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The beastie's makin' !
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin' !

Oh ! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us !
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion :
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en devotion !

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH .

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade swells her labour plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
Here Justice from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

* * Lunardi: the famous aeronaut—bonnets were called after him in 1785.

Thy sons, Edina ! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail ;
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale ;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim ;
And never may their sources fail !
And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy !
Fair Burnet * strikes the adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar ;
The ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes ! had their royal home :
Alas ! how changed the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wild-wandering roam,
Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody Lion bore ;
E'en I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led !

* Burnet : ' Eliza, daughter of Lord Monboddo.

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !
 From marking wildy-scatter'd flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter'd in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK *

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD

APRIL 1, 1785

I

WHILE briars and woodbines budding green,
 An' paitricks sraichin' loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin' seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom in an unknown frien'
 I pray excuse.

II

On Fasten-e'en † we had a rockin',
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin' ;
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin'.
 Ye need na doubt ;
 At length we had a hearty yokin'
 At sang about.

III

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
 That some kind husband had address'd
 To some sweet wife :
 It thirled the heart-strings through the breast,
 A' to the life.

* 'Lapraik : ' an old rhymster, residing in Muirkirk. The song that pleased Burns was borrowed from an old ditty.

† 'Fasten-e'en : ' Shrovetide, a festival that used to be religiously held in Scotland.

IV

I've scarce heard aught described sae weel
What generous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark ? '
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

V

It pat me fidgin'-fain to hear 't,
And sae about him there I spier 't,
Then a' that ken't him round declared
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near 't,
It was sae fine ;

VI

That, set him to a pint of ale,
And either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he 'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale,
He had few matches.

VII

Then up I gat, and swore an aith,
Though I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death
At some dyke back,
A pint and gill I 'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

VIII

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Though rude and rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel',
Does weel eneugh.

XIV

Oh ! for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it !
 That would be lear enough for me,
 If I could get it !

XV

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Though real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fu',
 I 'se no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that 's true,
 I 'm on your list.

XVI

I winna blaw about mysel' ;
 As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
 But friends, and folk that wish me weel,
 They sometimes roose me ;
 Though I maun own, as mony still
 As far abuse me.

XVII

There 's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
 For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair ;
 Maybe some ither thing they gie me
 They weel can spare.

XVIII

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there ;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 And hae a swap o' rhymin'-ware
 W' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
And kirsen him wi' reekin' water ;
Syne we 'll sit down and tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart ;
And faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa', ye selfish, warly' race,
Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
Even love an' friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack !
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
‘ Each aid the others,’
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers !

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen 's worn to the grissle :
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiddle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

APRIL 21, 1785

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

II

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
 Rattlin' the corn outowre the rigs,
 Or dealing through amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours' bite,
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
 I would na write.

III

The tapetless ramfeezeled hizzie,
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,
 Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
 This month an' mair,
 That, trouth! my head is grown right dizzie,
 An' something sair.'

IV

Her dowff excuses pat me mad:
 'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
 I'll write, and that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night;
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

V

'Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
 Though mankind were a pack o' cartes,
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly,
 Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
 An' thank him kindly?'

VI

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 And down gaed stumple in the ink:
 Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it;
 And if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Jove, I'll prose it!'

VII

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

VIII

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
 Though fortune use you hard an' sharp;
 Come, kittle up your moorland harp
 Wi' gleesome touch!
 Ne'er mind how fortune waft an' warp—
 She's but a bitch.

IX

She's gien me mony a jirt an' fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the Lord, though I should beg,
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

X

Now comes the sax-and-twentieth simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

XI

Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A bailie's name?

XII

Or is 't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancing cane,
 What thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks ?

XIII

O Thou, wha gies us each guid gift !
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift
 Through Scotland wide ;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride !

XIV

Were this the charter of our state,
 ' On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead ;
 But, thanks to Heaven ! that's no the gate
 We learn our creed.

XV

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 ' The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 An' none but he !'

XVI

Oh mandate glorious and divine !
 The ragged followers of the Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night,

XVII

Though here they scrape, and squeeze, and growl
 Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest's fright ;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

XVIII

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
 Each passing year !

TO W. SIMPSON,* OCHILTREE

MAY 1785

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie ;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
 Though I maun say 't, I wad be silly,
 And unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
 Your flatt'rin' strain.

But I 'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironic satire, sidelins sklentet
 On my poor Musie ;
 Though in sic phraisin' terms ye 've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a hope to speel,
 Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,†
 The braes o' fame ;
 Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

* 'Simpson : ' parish teacher in Cumnock ; a man of considerable talent.

† 'Gilbertfield : ' William Hamilton, a poet contemporary with Allan Ramsay.

(O Fergusson ! thy glorious parts
Ill suited Law's dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunstone hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry !
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style ;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Be-south Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ;
Yarrow and Tweed, to mony a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
Naebody sings.

The Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line ;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest.
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best !

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious died !

Oh ! sweet are Colia's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
While through the brae the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry !

Even winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave through the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary grey ;
Or blinding drifts, wild, furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
And no think lang ;
Oh sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The war'ly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, and strive ;
Let me fair Nature's face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, " my rhyme-composing brither !"
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal :
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes ;
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies ;
 While terra firma, on her axis,
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT

My memory 's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaisht forgotten clean,
 You bade me write you what they mean
 By this New-Light,
 'Bout which our herds sae aft have been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewing,
 And shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
 And ca'd it wrang ;
 And muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, well learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
 For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 And backlins-comin', to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirm'd ;
 The herds an' hirsels were alarm'd :
 The reverend gray-beards raved an' storm'd
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
 And mony a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 And some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
 And Auld-Light caddies bure sic hands,
 That, faith ! the youngsters took the sands,
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But New-Light herds gat sic a cowe,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stowe,
 Till now amaist on every knowe
 Ye 'll find ane placed ;
 And some their New-Light fair avow,
 Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are bleatin' ;
 Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin' ;
 Mysel' I 've even seen them greetin'
 Wi' girnin' spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
 By word an' write.

But shortly, they will cowe the louns !
 Some Auld-Light herds in neibour towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight,
 And stay a month among the moons,
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;
 And when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they 'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 And when the New-Light billies see them,
 I think they 'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ; '
 But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope, we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO J. RANKINE

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin' !
 There 's mony godly folks are thinkin',
 Your dreams * an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
 Straught to Auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 And fill them fu' :
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, oh dinna tear it !
 Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black !
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye 're skaithing,
 It 's just the blue-gown † badge and claithing
 O' saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

I 've sent you here some rhyiming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, and mair ;

* ' Dreams : ' a certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the countryside.—B. Rankine was a farmer in Adamhill, near Lochlea, a boon companion of Burns.

† ' Blue-gown : ' see ' Antiquary.'

Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Yon sang,* ye 'll sen 't wi' cannie care.
 And no neglect.

Though, faith ! sma' heart hae I to sing,
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing ;
 I 've play'd mysel' a bonnie spring,
 And danced my fill !
 I 'd better gaen an' sair'd the king
 At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 And brought a pairrick to the grun',
 A bonnie hen,
 And, as the twilght was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
 I straitit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for 't ;
 But, deil-ma-care !
 Somebody tells the poacher-court
 The hale affair.

Some auld used hands had ta'en a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot ;
 I was suspected for the plot ;
 I scorn'd to lie ;
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 And by my pouter an' my hail,
 And by my hen, and by her tail,
 I vow an' swear !
 The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, neist year.

As soon 's the clockin'-time is by,
 And the wee pouts begun to cry,
 Lord, I 'se hae sportin' by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea :
 Though I should herd the buckskin kye
 For 't, in Virginia.

* ' Yon sang : ' a song he had promised to the author.—B,

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce through the feathers ;
 And baith a yellow George to claim,
 And thole their blethers !

It pits me aye as mad 's a hare ;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
 But pennyworths again is fair,
 When time 's expedient,
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN *

A BALLAD

THERE were three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high ;
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head ;
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And showers began to fall ;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong,
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale ;
 His bending joints and drooping head
 Show'd he began to fail.

* 'John Barleycorn : ' this is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.—B.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe ;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise ;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A FRAGMENT

TUNE—' *Killiecrankie* '

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man :
Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
And did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man :
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carlèton did ca', man :
But yet, what reck, hè at Quebec,
Montgomery-like, did fa', man ;
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his enemies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept at Boston Ha', man ;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man :
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man ;
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sirloin he hackèd sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
And did the buckskins claw, man ;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And Sackville dour, wha stood the stoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man :
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
And lowsèd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game ;
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to Gospel law, man.
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For North an' Fox united stocks,
 And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man ! '

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While sleet Dundas aroused the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, ' Willie, rise !
 Would I hae fear'd them a', man ? '

But, word 'an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Southron raise, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man ;
 And Caledon threw by the drone,
 And did her whittle draw, man ;
 And swore fu' rude, through dirt an' blood,
 To make it guid in law, man.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY

TUNE—' *Corn rigs are bonnie* '

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie : *

* * Annie : ' Anne Mary, youngest daughter of John Rankine ; she became the keeper of a hostelry at Cumnock.

The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley ;
I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I loved her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley !

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ·
I hae been merry drinkin' ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear ;
I hae been happy thinkin' :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST

TUNE—' *I had a horse, I had na mair* '

Now westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather ;

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring hern the fountains :
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander ;
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But Peggy,* dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly press'd,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer !

* 'Peggy' : Margaret Thomson, Burns' flame at Kirkoswald.

SONG

TUNE—' *My Nannie O !* '

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar * flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O !
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O !

The westlin' wind blows loud an' shrill :
The night 's baith mirk and rainy, O !
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie, O !

My Nannie 's charming, sweet, an' young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O !
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O !

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she 's bonnie, O !
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O !

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O !
But what care I how few they be ?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O !

My riches a 's my penny-fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O !
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a'—my Nannie, O !

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O !
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O !

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heaven will sen' me, O !
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O !

* 'Lugar : ' originally Stinchar.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES *

A FRAGMENT

THERE's naught but care on every han',
 In every hour that passes, O !
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O !

CHORUS

Green grow the rashes, O !
 Green grow the rashes, O !
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O !

The warly race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them, O !
 And though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O !

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O !
 And warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye 're naught but senseless asses, O !
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O !

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O !
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O !

SONG

TUNE—' *Jockey's Gray Breeks* '

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the brecze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

* *Note*.—This is an improvement on an old song.—B.

CHORUS *

And maun I still on Menie † doat,
 And bear the scorn that 's in her e'e ?
 For it 's jet, jet black, an' it 's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be !

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the violets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
 But life to me 's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And everything is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill ;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flitt'ring wings,
 A woeworn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When Nature all is sad like me !

SONG

TUNE—' *Roslin Castle* '

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast ;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.—B.

† 'Menie:' is the common abbreviation of Marianne.

The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure ;
 While here I wander, press'd with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly ;
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,—
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;
 Though death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear !
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare ;
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

SONG

TUNE—' *Gilderoy* '

FROM thee, Eliza,* I must go,
 And from my native shore :
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar ;
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee !

* ' Eliza : ' one of the ' six belles ' of Mauchline—Betty Miller, afterwards Mrs. Templeton.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON

TUNE—' *Good night an' joy be wi' you a' !* '

ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy !
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's sliddery ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Offt have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
 Offt, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the Sons of Light :
 And by that Hieroglyphic Bright,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw,
 Strong Memory on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa' !

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious Architect Divine !
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till Order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear !
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear !

A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round—I ask it with a tear—
 To him, the Bard that 's far awa' !

SONG

TUNE—' *Prepare, my dear brethren, to the
 tavern let's fly* '

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare,—
 For a big-bellied bottle 's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
 I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low ;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse ;
 But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air !
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
 I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle 's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

' Life's cares they are comforts ' *—a maxim laid down
 By the bard, what d' ye call him, that wore the black gown ;
 And, faith ! I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
 For a big-bellied bottle 's a heaven of care

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May every true brother of the compass and square
 Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care !

* ' Comforts : ' Young's ' Night Thoughts. '—B.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE *

ON THE BANKS OF NITH

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul :—
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beckoning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?

* ' Friars-Carse : ' an estate near Ellisland, belonging to Mr. Riddell.

Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
 To virtue or to vice is given.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies :
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
 Quod the beadsman of Nithside.

ODE,* SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD OF AUCHENCRUIVE

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation ! mark
 Who in widow-weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonour'd years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Bafted with many a deadly curse !

STROPHE

View the wither'd beldame's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of humanity's sweet, melting grace ?
 Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took—but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
 Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest ;
 She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !

* ' Ode : ' every reader of Burns remembers the circumstances under which this savage ode was composed.

ANTISTROPHE

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
 (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends !)
 Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends ?
 No fall'n angel, hurl'd from upper skies ;
 'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
 Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPODE

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year ?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here ?
 Oh, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
 While down the wretched vital part is driven !
 The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heaven.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON *

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS
 IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD !

' But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright ;
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless, Heavenly light ! '

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie
 Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stockfish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born !
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled.

* ' Captain M. Henderson : ' a harmless old Edinburgh *bon-vivant*, who had once been in the army.

Ye hills, near neighbours o' the sterns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,
 Where Echo slumbers !
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens !
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea ;
 Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see ;
 Ye woodbines, hanging bonnillie
 In scented bowers ;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at its head,
 At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' the rustling gale,
 Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade,
 Come join my wail !

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
 Ye grouse, that crap the heather bud ;
 Ye curlews, calling through a clud ;
 Ye whistling plover ;
 And mourn, ye whirring pattrick brood—
 He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake ;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake !

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay ;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ?
And frae my e'en the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
Thou Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that 's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost !

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light !
Mourn, Empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling Sternies bright,
My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he 's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man !—the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH

Stop, passenger !—my story 's brief ;
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man ;
A look of pity hither cast—
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger * art,
That passest by this grave, man ;
There moulders here a gallant heart—
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man ;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man ;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish, whingin' sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
May dool and sorrow be his lot—
For Matthew was a rare man.

* 'Sodger : ' R. Chambers says that the name ' Captain ' was a mere pet name conferred on Henderson. The allusion here, however, to his gallantry confutes the supposition. He was probably an officer retired on half-pay.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea :
 Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies ;
 But naught can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing ;
 The merle, in his noontide bower,
 Makes woodland echoes ring ;
 The mavis mild wi' mony a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest :
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall oppress'd.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae ;
 The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae ;
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang !

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I hae been ;
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
 As blithe lay down at e'en :
 And I 'm the sovereign of Scotland,
 And mony a traitor there ;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
 That through thy soul shall gae !
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee :
 Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine !
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine !
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee :
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon, to me, may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !

FIRST EPISTLE

TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
 And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
 Plain plodding industry, and sober worth
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth ;
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net ;
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow ;
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks the unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines ;
 Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.
 The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well-pleased, pronounced it very good ;
 But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.

Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet ;
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd to amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends :
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.
But honest nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find ;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous, truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main !
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—though humbly takes enough ;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were bless'd did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that ' the friendly e'er should want a friend !'
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment's a fool !)—
Who make poor ' will do ' wait upon ' I should '—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
But come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes,
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times !

Why shrinks my soul, half-blushing, half-afraid,
 Backward, abash'd, to ask thy friendly aid ?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
 But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit !
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind !
 So to Heaven's gate the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clamorous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days !
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again ;
 The piebald jacket let me patch once more ;
 On eighteenpence a-week I've lived before.
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift !
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift :
 That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

SECOND EPISTLE

TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY *

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life !
 Are ye as idle's I am ?
 Come, then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
 Who left the all-important cares
 Of princes and their darlings ;
 And, bent on winning borough towns,
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
 And kissing barefit carlins.

* *Note.*—This second epistle refers to a contested election between Sir J. Johnstone and Captain Miller for the Dumfries burghs.

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzled lions ;
 As Queensberry buff and blue unfurl'd,
 And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurl'd
 To every Whig defiance.

But Queensberry, cautious, left the war,
 The unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
 Besides, he hated bleeding ;
 But left behind him heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

Oh for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
 To muster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banners ;
 Heroes and heroines commix
 All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
 (The enamour'd laurels kiss her brows)
 Led on the loves and graces ;
 She won each gaping burgess' heart,
 While he, all-conquering, play'd his part,
 Among their wives and lasses.

Graigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps ;
 Troops, metaphors, and figures pour,
 Like Hecla streaming thunder ;
 Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
 Redoubted Staig, who set at naught
 The wildest savage Tory,
 And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
 High waved his magnum bonum round
 With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
 The many-pounders of the Banks,
 Resistless desolation ;
 While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
 'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
 And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these, what Tory hosts opposed ;
 With these, what Tory warriors closed,
 Surpasses my describing :
 Squadrons extended long and large,
 With furious speed rush'd to the charge,
 Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate
 The butcher deeds of bloody fate
 Amid this mighty tulzie ?
 Grim Horror grinn'd ; pale Terror roar'd,
 As Murther at his thrapple shored ;
 And hell mix'd in the bruilzie !

As Highland crags, by thunder cleft,
 When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
 Hurl down wi' crashing rattle ;
 As flames amang a hundred woods ;
 As headlong foam a hundred floods—
 Such is the rage of battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
 As soon the rooted oaks would fly,
 Before the approaching fellers ;
 The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
 When all his wintry billows pour
 Against the Buchan Bulls.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
 Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring !
 The muffled murtherer of Charles
 The Magna-Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame ;
 Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Grahame—
 Auld Covenanters shiver—
 (Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Montrose !
 While death and hell engulf thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high for ever !)

Still o'er the field the combat burns ;
 The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns ;
 But Fate the word has spoken—
 For woman's wit, or strength of man,
 Alas ! can do but what they can—
 The Tory ranks are broken.

Oh that my e'en were flowing burns !
 My voice a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cub's undoing !
 That I might greet, that I might cry,
 While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs pursuing !

What Whig but wails the good Sir James ;
 Dear to his country by the names,
 Friend, Patron, Benefactor !
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save !
 And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave !
 And Stuart, bold as Hector !

Thou, Pitt, shall rue this overthrow,
 And Thurlow growl a curse of woe,
 And Melville melt in wailing !
 Now Fox and Sheridan, rejoice !
 And Burke shall sing : ' O Prince, arise !
 Thy power is all-prevailing ! '

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
 He hears, and only hears the war,
 A cool spectator purely ;
 So when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
 And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
 I pray with holy fire :
 Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
 O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
 To grind them in the mire !

THIRD EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg ;
 Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and depress'd,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest ;)
 Will generous Graham list to his poet's wail ?
 (It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale)
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade ?

Thou, Nature ! partial Nature ! I arraign ;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests and one spurns the ground :
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 The envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
 Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
 In all the omnipotence of rule and power ;
 Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles insure,
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug ;
 Even silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But, oh ! thou bitter stepmother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child, the Bard !
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot, too, more helpless still ;
 No heels to bear him from the opening dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
 No nerves olfactory, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur !—
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears the unbroken blast from every side :
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics !—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame .
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ! *
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on through life ;
 Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead even resentment, for his injured page
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage !

* ' Mouroc : ' Alexander, Professor of Anatomy, Edinburgh.

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
 For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up :
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder, ' some folks ' do not starve.
 The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that ' fools are fortune's care.'
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
 Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
 Already one stronghold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears ;)
 Oh ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer !—
 Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare !
 Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
 Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death !

FOURTH EPISTLE
TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns ;
Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver, 'you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !
And all ye many sparkling stars of night !
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years !

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;
His locks were bleach'd white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds lamenting through their caves,
To Echo bore the notes alang :

' Ye scatter'd birds, that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire !
Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year !
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me,

' I am a bending, aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain ;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hald of earth is gane :
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.

' I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown ;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown :
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I hear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

' And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)
 My noble master lies in clay ;
 The flower amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay—
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead ;
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

' Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
 The voice of woe and wild despair !
 Awake ! resound thy latest lay—
 Then sleep in silence evermair !
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

' In poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists, obscure, involved me round ;
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found :
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless Bard and rustic song,
 Became alike thy fostering care.

' Oh ! why has worth so short a date ?
 While villains ripen gray with time !

BURNS' POEMS AND SONGS

Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime ?
 Why did I live to see that day ?
 A day to me so full of woe !—
 Oh ! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low !

' The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me !'

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART.,

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
 Who, save thy mind's reproach, naught earthly fear'st,
 To thee this votive offering I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved ;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approved.
 We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

' Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neibours, neibours meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 And folk begin to tak the gate ;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 And gettin' fu' and unco happy,

We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam ! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou was nae sober ;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fu' on ;
That at the Lord's house, e'en on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean * till Monday.
She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted, unco right ;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fu' for weeks thegither !
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better :
The landlady and Tam grew gracious ;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :

* * Kirkton Jean : ' Jean Kennedy, an alehouse-keeper in Kirkoswald.

The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might raîr and rustle—
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy !
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed !
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' nights black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in :
 And sic a night he tak's the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattlin' showers rose on the blast :
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :
 That night a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg—
 A better never lifted leg—
 Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
 Whiles glowering round, wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;

And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel,
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na deils a bodle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and metal in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towsie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge;
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
 Coffins stood round, like open presses;
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some dev'lish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief new cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape:
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;

A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft :
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth an' fun grew fast and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carline swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark
And linkit at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen :
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie ;
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore :
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the countryside in fear)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie,—

Ah ! little kenn'd thy rev'rend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power !
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jaud she was and strang)
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very e'en enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glowred, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main ;
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, ' Weel done, Cutty-sark !'
 And in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plund'ring herds assail their byke ;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When ' Catch the thief !' resounds aloud ;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou 'll get thy fairin' !
 In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin' !
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystone * o' the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross !
 But ere the keystone she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie press'd,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail :
 The carline claut her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

* ' Keystone : ' it is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—B.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear—
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barbarous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field !
 The bitter little that of life remains :
 No more the thick'ning brakes and verdant plains
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch ! some place of wonted rest,
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
 The shelt'ring rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom press'd.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
 And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON

ON CROWNING HIS BUST* AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE,
 WITH BAYS

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Æolian strains between :

* 'Crowning his bust : ' this was in September 1790, under the auspices of the Earl of Buchan.

While Summer with a matron grace
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
 Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects his aged head,
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year !
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won :
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

EPITAPHS

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep—
 To hell, if he 's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He 'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's * banes :
 O Death, it 's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
 Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNY †

** Hic jacet wee Johnnie.**

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader ! know,
 That death has murder'd Johnnie !
 And here his body lies fu' low—
 For soul he ne'er had ony.

* ' Jamie : ' Humphrey, a west country mason, fond of controversy.

† ' Wee Johnny : ' Wilson, the printer of Burns' Kilmarnock edition.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend !
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father, and the generous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
 ' For e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'

FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much loved, much honour'd name
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blamed ;
 But with such as he—where'er he be,
 May I be saved or damn'd !

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near ;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 Oh, pass not by !
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave ;

* * 'Virtue's side : ' Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.'

Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,
Is wisdom's root.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S *

PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND, COLLECTING THE
ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's ;
If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it :
A chiel 's amang you taking notes,
And, faith ! he 'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That 's he, mark weel—
And wow ! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It 's ten to ane ye 'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, Lord save 's ! colleaguin'
At some black art.

* ' Captain Grose : ' a fat and funny Englishman, author of many works on Antiquities, in one of which ' Tam o' Shanter ' first appeared.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
 And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches;
 Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
 But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
 And dog-skin wallet
 And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont guid;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-buckets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender;
 That which distinguishèd the gender
 O' Balaam's ass;
 A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philabeg;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig,
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding jokteleg,
 Or lang kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him;
 And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose,
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS *

A VERY YOUNG LADY

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK PRESENTED TO
HER BY THE AUTHOR

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay
Blooming in thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower !
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights !
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf !
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem ;
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings ;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

SONG

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care ;
But ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair !
To hope may be forgiven ;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heaven.

* ' Miss Cruickshanks : ' daughter of William Cruickshanks, a teacher in
the High School, Edinburgh

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD,* Esq.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF
THE AUTHOR'S

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms—
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief !

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

* 'M'Leod : ' of Raasay. His sister Isabella was a favourite of Burns, who composed on her his song, ' Raving winds around her blowing.'

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER *

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE

My LORD, I know your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assails in vain :
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you 'll hear
 Your humble slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowrin' trouts
 That through my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If, hapless chance ! they linger lang
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They 're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 E'en as I was he shored me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin ;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, although I say't mysel',
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would, then, my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He 'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes ;

* ' Bruar Water : ' Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.—B. This defect has long ago been supplied.

Delighted doubly then, my lord,
You 'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow :

This too, a covert shall insure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds, with all their wealth,
As empty idle care :
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, gray ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed !
Let fragrant birks in woodbines dress'd
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land !
 So may through Albion's farthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be—' Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonnie lasses !'

ON SCARING SOME WATERFOWL IN LOCH-TURIT

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE *

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your watery haunt forsake ?
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly ?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties ?
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free :
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave :
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
 Man, your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below :
 Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
 Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below,
 In his breast no pity dwells,
 Strong necessity compels :
 But man, to whom alone is given
 A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.

* ' Ochtertyre : ' near Crieff, Perthshire, a place of exquisite beauty, as Loch-Turrit is of wild and savage grandeur.

In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wandering swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways,
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his powers you scorn ;
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN
 AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 The abodes of covie'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;
 The outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
 The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on its verdant side ;
 The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste ;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;
 The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell :
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
 The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through nature with creative fire ;

Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds ;
 Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS,* NEAR LOCH-NESS

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below ;
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
 Dim-seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless showers,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
 Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below, the horrid cauldron boils—

.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,†

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair !

November hirples o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form ;
 And gane, alas ! the sheltering tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

* * Fyers : ' more frequently now printed Foyers.

† ' Posthumous child : ' grand-child of Mrs. Dunlop, whose daughter had married M. Henri, a Frenchman. This son, after many vicissitudes, succeeded to his paternal estates. The father had died ere the birth.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blow,
 Protect thee frae the driving shower,
 The bitter frost and snaw !

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother-plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds !

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn :
 Now feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn :

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem
 Unscathed by ruffian hand !
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land !

THE WHISTLE

A BALLAD

As the authentic prose history of the whistle is curious, I shall here give it. In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany ; and challenged the Scots bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name : who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

'And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.'

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th of October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of

Maxwelton ; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued ; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert ; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.—*B.*

I SING of a whistle,* a whistle of worth,
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, † still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
' This whistle 's your challenge—to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more ! '

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell ;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Skarr, ‡
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea—
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw :
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins ;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

' By the gods of the ancients,' Glenriddel replies,
' Before I surrender so glorious a prize,

* ' Whistle : ' Burns was present at this bacchanalian encounter, and wrote the poem in the room.

† ' Old Loda : ' See Ossian's Caric-thura.—*B.*

‡ ' Cairn and Skarr : ' tributaries to the Nith.

I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe, or his friend,
Said, Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A Bard was elected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high ruling-elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend?
Though Fate said—a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:—
'Craigdarroch, thou 'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

* 'Rorie More:' See Johnson's 'Tour to the Hebrides.'—B.

'Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce ;
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day !'

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE

A BROTHER POET *

AULD NEIBOUR,

I'm three times doubly owre your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter ;
 Though I maun say 't, I doubt you flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
 Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs.

But, Davie lad, I'm red ye 're glaikit ;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit ;
 And gif it 's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke ;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink ;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jauds or masons ;
 And whyles, but aye owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the bardie clan ;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-hae't, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

* 'Brother poet:' this was prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It maks my heart sae cheerie O !
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O !

SONG

TUNE—' *Ewe-bughts* '

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar ?

Oh ! sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine ;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true ;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

Oh ! plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand ;
Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join ;
And cursed be the cause that shall part us !
The hour and the moment o' time !

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't ;
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

BONNIE LESLEY *

OH saw ye bonnie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the Border ?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever ;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee :
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, ' I canna wrang thee ! '

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

* 'Lesley : ' an Ayrshire girl, Miss Lesley Baillie, afterwards Mrs. Cumming of Logie.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

HIGHLAND MARY

TUNE—' *Katharine Ogie* '

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the langest tarry :
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary !

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD ROB MORRIS

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He 's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men ;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She 's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;
 She 's sweet as the evening amang the new hay ;
 As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh ! she 's an heiress, auld Robin 's a laird,
 And my daddie has naught but a cot-house and yard ;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane :
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

Oh had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me !
 Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

DUNCAN GRAY

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blithe Yule night when we were fu',
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd :
 Ha, ha, etc. ;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, etc.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his e'en baith bleert and blin',
 Spak' o' loupin' o'er a linn ;
 Ha, ha, etc.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, etc. ;

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, etc.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die ?

She may gae to France for me !

Ha, ha, etc.

How it comes let doctors tell,

Ha, ha, etc. ;

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,

Ha, ha, etc.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings ;

And oh, her e'en, they spak sic things !

Ha, ha, etc.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, etc. ;

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, etc.

Duncan couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;

Now they 're crouse and canty baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

SONG

TUNE—' *I had a horse* '

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,

Ye wreck my peace between ye ;

Yet poortith a' I could forgive,

An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Oh why should Fate sic pleasure have,

Life's dearest bands untwining ?

Or why sae sweet a flower as love,

Depend on Fortune's shining ?

This world's wealth when I think on,

Its pride, and a' the lave o't ;

Fie, fie on silly coward man,

That he should be the slave o't.

Oh why, etc.

Her e'en sae bonny blue betray
 How she repays my passion ;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 Oh why, etc.

Oh wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?
 Oh wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
 Oh why, etc.

How blest the humble cottar's fate !
 He woos his simple dearie ;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 Oh why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

GALA WATER

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander through the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Gala water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Gala water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I hae nae meikle tocher ;
 Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 Oh that's the chiefest world's treasure !

LORD GREGORY

OH mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wand'rer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwin side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
Oh wilt thou give me rest!

Ye must'ring thunders from above
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

MARY MORISON

TUNE—' *Bide ye yet* '

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when, to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha,
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown ;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Now tired wi' wandering, haud awa hame !
 Come to my bosom my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting ;
 It was nae the blast brought the tear in my e'e :
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers !
 Oh, how your wild horrors a lover alarms !
 Awaken, ye breezes; row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nanny,
 Oh, still flow between us, thou wide roaring main ;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O!

WITH ALTERATIONS

' Oh open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, O!
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, O!

' Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, O!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is naught to my pains frae thee, O!

' The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, O!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, O!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, O!
' My true love!' she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, O!

JESSIE

TUNE—' *Bonnie Dundee* '

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair;
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring;
Enthroned in her e'en he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!—
Her modest demeanour 's the jewel of a'.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN

AIR—' *The mill, mill O !* '

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning :
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I 'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder :
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheerie on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my e'en was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
Oh ! happy, happy may he be,
That 's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I 've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger ;
I 've served my king and country lang,—
Take pity on a sodger.'

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever ;
Quo' she, ' A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never :

Our humble cot and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake o' t ;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye 're welcome for the sake o' t.'

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily ;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 ' Art thou my ain dear Willie ? '
 ' By Him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man : and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

' The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted !
 Though poor in gear, we 're rich in love,
 And mair we 'se ne'er be parted.'
 Quo' she, ' My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou 'rt welcome to it dearly.'

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour ;
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger !
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL

AIR—' *O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack ?* '

OH, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy ;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady :
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl ;
 She's left the guid-fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving :
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
 A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear-chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

Oh wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen !
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl' !

SONG

TUNE—' *Liggeram Cosh* '

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me ;
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me ;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring :
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling ;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN WATER

TUNE—' *Logan Water* '

OH, Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride !
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flowery banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers :
 Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And Evening's tears are tears of joy :
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes !

SONG

AIR—' *Hughie Graham* '

Oh, gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' !

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night :
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

Oh, were my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing !

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude !
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.*

BONNIE JEAN

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen :
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So, trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again,

* The two last stanzas of this song only are Burns'.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
His cheek to hers he fondly press'd,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

' O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
Oh canst thou think to fancy me ?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

' At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had nae will to say him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR

TUNE—' *Robin Adair* '

WHILE larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare :
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share ;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were ;
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare ;
 So kind may fortune be,
 Such make his destiny,
 He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair !

HAD I A CAVE

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar ;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more !

Falsest of womankind ! canst thou declare,
 All thy fond-plighted vows—fleeing as air ?
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there !

SONG

TUNE—' *Allan Water* '

By Allan-stream I chanced to rove,
 While Phoebus sank beyond Benledi ; *
 The winds were whisp'ring through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready :
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures many ;
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
 Oh dearly do I love thee, Annie !

Oh happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !

* ' Benledi : ' a mountain west of Strath-Allan, 3009 feet high.—B.

Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, ' I 'm thine for ever ! '
 While mony a kiss the seal impress'd,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring 's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheerie through her short'ning day
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow !
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

SONG

TUNE—' *Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad* '

OH whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be ajee ;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie ;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
 But court nae anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER

TUNE—' *The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre* '

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis press'd:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting—
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

SONG

AIR—' *Could Kail* '

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur :
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her ?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure ;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure :
And by thy e'en, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never !

DAINTY DAVIE *

TUNE—' *Dainty Davie* '

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers ;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

* ' *Daintie Davie* : ' is the title of an old Scotch song, from which Burns has taken nothing but the title and the measure.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that 's my ain dear Davie.

BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

TO ITS AIN TUNE

Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
 Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory !

Now 's the day and now 's the hour :
 See the front o' battle lower :
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for SCOTLAND's king and law
 FREEDOM's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 LIBERTY's in every blow !—
 Let us DO or DIE !

BEHOLD THE HOUR *

TUNE—' *Oran-gaoil* '

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive ;
 Thou go'st, thou darling of my heart !
 Sever'd from thee can I survive ?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.
 I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 ' E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.'

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
 Oh tell me, does she muse on me ?

SONG

TUNE—' *Fee him, father* '

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie !
 Thou hast left me ever ;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie !
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever ;
 Now thou 'st left thy lass for aye—
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie !
 Thou hast me forsaken ;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie !
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking :
 Soon my weary e'en I'll close—
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken.

* *Note.*—A song referring to Clarinda's departure to the West Indies.

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we 've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here 's a hand my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a haud o' thine ;
And we 'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I 'll be mine ;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

FAIR JENNY

TUNE—' *Saw ye my father ?* '

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song ?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among ?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair :
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim surly winter is near ?
 No, no ! the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known,
 All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Not hope dare a comfort bestow :
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

SONG

TUNE—' *The collier's bonnie lassie* '

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle fair can give thee,
 Is but a fairy treasure—
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion—
 They are but types of woman.

Oh ! art thou not ashamed,
 To doat upon a feature ?
 If man thou would'st be named,
 Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
 Good claret set before thee :
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.

NANCY

TUNE—' *Quaker's Wife* '

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Every pulse along my veins,
 Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish :
 Though despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure :
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?
 Night without a morning :
 Love 's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

MY SPOUSE, NANCY

TUNE—' *My jo, Janet* '

' HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.'

' One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Is it man, or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy ? '

' If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I 'll desert my sovereign lord,
 And so good-by allegiance ! '

'Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy.'

'My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it ;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.'

'I will hope, and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy.'

'Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.'

'I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy.'

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

AIR—' *The Sutor's Dochter* '

WILT thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee !
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou 'lt refuse me :
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me.
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

THE BANKS OF CREE

TUNE—' *The Banks of Cree* '

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village-bell has told the hour,
 Oh, what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whisp'ring call ;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !—
 So calls the woodlark in the grove.
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come !—and art thou true
 O welcome dear to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

LINES WRITTEN ON A COPY OF THOMSON'S SONGS

PRESENTED TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
 Accept the gift, though humble he who gives ;
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among ;
 But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song :

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals,
 While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY

TUNE—' *O'er the hills, etc.*'

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad ?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe ?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love ;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away ;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away !

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power ;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet ;
Then may Heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey—
My dear lad that's far away.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

CHORUS

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Cluden's * woods amang ;
 Then a-faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.

We 'll gae down by Cluden side,
 Through the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,†
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
 Thou 'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart ;
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea ;
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
 Ye shall be my dearie

* ' Cluden : ' the river Cluden, a tributary stream to the Nith.

† ' Cluden's silent towers : ' Lincluden Abbey.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'

TUNE—' *Onagh's Waterfall* '

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'erarching
 Twa laughing e'en o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling sae wiling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow :
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form, and gracefu' air ;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declared that she could do nae mair :
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang :
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

TO DR. MAXWELL

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
 That merit I deny :
 You save fair Jessy from the grave !
 An angel could not die.

SAW YE MY PHELY ?

(Quasi dicat Phillis.)

TUNE—' *When she cam ben she bobbie* '

Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
 Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
 She 's down i' the grove, she 's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willie.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willie.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 As light as the air, and fause as thou 's fair,
 Thou 's broken the heart o' thy Willie.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

TUNE—' *Cauld kail in Aberdeen* '

How lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie !
 I restless lie, frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS

For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That 's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie ;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie ?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours ;
 The joyless day how dreary !
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie !

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN

TUNE—' *Duncan Gray* '

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love ;
 Let not woman e'er complain
 Fickle man is apt to rove :
 Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change ;
 Ladies, would it not be strange,
 Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :
 Sun and moon but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go.
 Why then ask of silly man,
 To oppose great Nature's plan ?
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS

TUNE—' *Deil tak the Wars* '

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ?
 Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
 Now through the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,

Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray ;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
 The laverock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladd'ning and adorning ;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky ;
 But when in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart—
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

THE WINTER OF LIFE

TUNE—' *Gil Morice* '

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoiced the day,
 Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay :
 But now our joys are fled,
 On winter blasts awa' !
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

BUT my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh, age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain !
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again !

CHLORIS

TUNE—' *My lodging is on the cold ground* '

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair ;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings :
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha' :
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

SONG

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE

TUNE—' *Dainty Davie* '

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe ;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see
 Perch'd all around on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody,
 They hail the charming Chloe ;
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

TUNE—' *Rothiemurchie's Rant* '

CHORUS

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
 Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou 'lt be my dearie O ?

And when the welcome simmer shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We 'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie O !

' When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way ;
 Through yellow waving fields we 'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie O !

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O!

SONG

TUNE—' *Nancy's to the Greenwood,* ' etc.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling!
 O Memory! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling:
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in every vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover:
 The bursting sigh, the unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
 But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslaved me;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had saved me:
 The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing;
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

PHILLY AND WILLY

TUNE—' *The Sow's Tail,* '

HE

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
 When roving through the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE

The woodbine in the dewy weat
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
 And fools may tyne, and knaves may win ;
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
 And that 's my ain dear Philly.

SHE

What 's a' the joys that gowd can gie !
 I care nae wealth a single flie ;
 The lad I love 's the lad for me,
 And that 's my ain dear Willy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

TUNE—' *Lumps o' Pudding* '

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they 're creepin' alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught :
 My mirth and guid-humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom 's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a' :
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way ;
 Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
 Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure, or pain,
 My warst word is—' Welcome, and welcome again ! '

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

TUNE—' *Roy's Wife* '

CHORUS

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy ?

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy !
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'

TUNE—' *There'll never be peace,* ' etc.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa' !

The snaw-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa' !

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa' !

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay :
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa' !

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

TUNE—*'For a' that, an' a' that'*

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that !
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that !

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine :
A man 's a man for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that !

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince, can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD *

TUNE—' *Craigie-burn Wood* '

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blithe awakes the morrow ;
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they 'll wither.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET ?

TUNE—' *Let me in this ae night* '

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet ?
 Or art thou wakin' I would wit ?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS

Oh let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 Oh rise and let me in, jo.

* ' Craigie-burn wood : ' is situated on the banks of the river Moffat. It was there the Poet met the ' Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' Mrs. Whelpdale, and there he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet ;
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blows
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
 The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER

Oh tell na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain ;
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,—
 I winna let you in, jo !

CHORUS

I tell ye now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo !

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wanderer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That 's trusted faithless man, jo !

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed ;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo !

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
 Let witless, trusting woman say,
 How aft her fate 's the same, jo !

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK

TUNE—' *Where 'll bonnie Ann lie ?* ' OR—' *Loch-Eroch Side* '

OH stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay !
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art :
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha' kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?
 Oh ! nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
 Or my poor heart is broken !

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL

TUNE—' *Aye wakin' O !* '

CAN I cease to care,
 Can I cease to languish,
 While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish ?

CHORUS

Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight,
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

Every hope is fled,
 Every fear is terror ;
 Slumber even I dread ;
 Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers divine !
 Oh, in pity hear me !
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my Chloris spare me !

CALEDONIA

TUNE—' *Humours of Glen* '

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen ;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And could CALEDONIA's blast on the wave ;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they ?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave !

The slave's spic'y forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean !

SONG

TUNE—' *Laddie, lie near me* '

'TWAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin ;
 Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
 'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
 But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever !

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !
 And thou 'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS !

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG

TUNE—' *John Anderson, my jo* '

How cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize ;
 And to the wealthy booby,
 Poor woman sacrifice !
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife ;—
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries ;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.

MARK YONDER POMP

TUNE—' *Deil tak the Wars* '

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride :
 But when compared with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride !
 What are the showy treasures ?
 What are the noisy pleasures ?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art :
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wondering gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In Simplicity's array ;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.

Oh then, the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown,
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worshipp'd Deity,
 And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

TUNE—' *This is no my ain House* '

CHORUS

OH this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 Oh weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e !

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

She 's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM

SCOTTISH SONG

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;
 The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers ;
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
 Oh, why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe !

The trout within yon wimpling burn,
 Glides swift—a silver dart ;
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art :
 My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I ;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd laverock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye :
 As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

Oh, had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
 The wretch whase doom is, ' Hope nae mair,'
 What tongue his woes can tell !
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

OH, BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER

Oh, bonnie was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonnie she, and ah ! how dear !
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure among the leaves sae green !
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

TO CHLORIS

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
 To join the friendly few :

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower ;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower :)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Still much is left behind ;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
 The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part ;
 And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
 Thine Friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
 With every Muse to rove :
 And doubly were the poet blest
 These joys could he improve.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR

TUNE—' *Let me in this ae Night* '

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe
 At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS

Oh, wert thou, love, but near me ;
 But near, near, near me ;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
 Oh, let me think we yet shall meet !
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOORER

TUNE—' *The Lothian Lassie* '

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men—
 The deuce gae wi 'm, to believe me, believe me ;
 The deuce gae wi 'm, to believe me !

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he likèd, for Jean—
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying ;
 The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stockèd mailen—himself for the laird—
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers ;
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ?—in a fortnight or less,
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her !
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her, could bear her :
 Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,*
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there !
 I glower'd as I 'd seen a warlock, a warlock ;
 I glower'd as I 'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neibours might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he 'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie ;
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet,
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin' ;
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin' !

* 'Dalgarnock : ' a romantic spot with a ruined church, on the banks of the Nith.

He beggèd, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow ;
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

FRAGMENT

TUNE—' *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight* '

WHY, why tell thy lover,
 Bliss he never must enjoy ?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie ?

Oh why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme—
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream ?

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER

TUNE—' *Balinamona ora* '

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms !
 Oh, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 Oh, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ;
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher—
 The nice yellow guineas for me !

Your beauty 's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they 're new deckèd wi' bonnie white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has bless'd,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess'd ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they 're caress'd.

JESSY

TUNE—' *Here's a health to them that's awa'* '

CHORUS

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear !
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear !
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear, Jessy !

Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied ;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside, Jessy !

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms ;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessy !

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;
 But why urge the tender confession,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessy !

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS

TUNE—' *Rothemurchie* '

CHORUS

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do ?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear ?
 Oh, did not love exclaim, ' Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so ! '

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share !
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know !

THE BIRKS * OF ABERFELDY

CHORUS

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go ;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME ?

TUNE—' *An Gille dubh ciar-dhubh* '

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
 Well you know how much you grieve me ;
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?

* ' Birks : ' referring to the well-known beautiful falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy.

By my love so ill requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so !
Do not, do not leave me so !

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT *

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling !
Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave !

Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engagèd,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
But the Heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend ;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend !

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER †

TUNE—' *Morag* '

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover ;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover
Far wanders nations over.

* ' Strathallan : ' was one of the followers of the young Chevalier, and is supposed in the song to be lying concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden.

† ' The young Highland Rover : ' is supposed to be the young Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward.

Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden :
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING *

TUNE—' *M'Gregor of Ruara's Lament* '

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd deploring—
 ' Farewell, hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

' O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless future pondering ;
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load to misery most distressing,
 Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee ! '

* This was written in compliment to Miss Macleod, afterwards Mrs. Ross, a very great friend of the poet. It alluded to the death of her sister and her sister's husband.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN

TUNE—' *Druimion Dubh* '

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me ;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that 's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa' !

BLITHE WAS SHE

TUNE—' *Andrew and his Cutty Gun* '

CHORUS

BLITHE, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben :
Blithe by the banks of Earn,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Ochertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;
But Phemie * was a bennier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

* ' Phemie : ' Miss Murray of Lintrose, called the Flower of Strathmore, who met the poet at Ochertyre.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
 She trippèd by the banks of Earn,
 As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lea ;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I 've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
 But Phemie was the blithest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK *

TUNE—' *The Shepherd's Wife* '

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosèd bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly press'd,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair !
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.

* This song was written on Miss Cruickshanks, daughter of W. Cruickshanks, of the High School, a great friend of Burns. Our readers will remember another poem on the same lady. She became wife to Mr. Henderson, Jedburgh.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS

TUNE—' *Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercainny* '

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochils rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's * charms
 First blest my wond'ring eyes ;
 As one who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd doubly, marks its beam
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their power !
 The tyrant Death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath :
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY

TUNE—' *Invercauld's Reel* '

CHORUS

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day
 Ye wad na been sae shy ;
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure :
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.

* 'Peggy : ' Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would na gie her in her sark,
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark ;
 Ye need na look sae high.

FAREWELL TO CLARINDA

ON LEAVING EDINBURGH

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measured time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie ?
 Deprived of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy !

We part—but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes !
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day :
And shall a glimm'ring planet fix
My worship to its ray ?

THE DAY RETURNS

TUNE—' *Seventh of November* '

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet ;
Though winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine !

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live !
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part ;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year !
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown :
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues ;

How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain :
 How little of life's scanty span may remain :
 What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn ;
 What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn !
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
 This life 's not worth having with all it can give—
 For something beyond it poor man, sure, must live.

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL !

TUNE—' *My Love is lost to Me* '

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;
 On Corsincon * I'll glower and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—
 By heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
 Though I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run ;
 Till then—and then I love thee.

* ' Corsincon : ' a hill near Ellisland.

OF A' THE AIRTS

TUNE—' *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey* '

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE

TUNE—' *The Braes o' Ballochmyle* '

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae laverock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Through faded groves Maria * sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel, the Braes o' Ballochmyle !

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair ;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas ! for me nae mair,
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile ;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle !

* ' Maria : ' eldest daughter of Sir John Whitefoord of Ballochmyle.

WILLIE * BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

TUNE—' *Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut* '

OH, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree :
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS

We are na fou, we 're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we 'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
 And mony a night we 've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That 's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold coward loon is he !
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king among us three !

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN

TUNE—' *The blue-eyed Lass* '

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I 'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
 Twa lovely e'en o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
 It was her e'en sae bonnie blue.

* ' Willie : ' who ' brew'd a peck o' maut, ' was William Nicol ; and Rob and Allan were our poet and his friend, Allan Masterton, a writing-master in Edinburgh. This meeting took place at Laggan, a farm purchased by Mr. Nicol, in Nithsdale, on the recommendation of our bard.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled ;
 She charm'd my soul, I wist na how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her e'en sae bonnie blue.
 But, spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
 She 'll aiblins listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I 'll lay my dead
 To her twa e'en sae bonnie blue.*

THE BANKS OF NITH

TUNE—' *Robie donna gorach* '

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command ;
 When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand,
 For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom !
 Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days !

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

TUNE—' *John Anderson, my jo* '

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

* ' Blue-eyed lass : ' daughter of Rev. Mr. Jeffrey of Lochmaben.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We 've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we 'll go ;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

TAM GLEN

TUNE—' *Tam Glen* '

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen' :
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen ?

There 's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 ' Guid day to you, brute ! ' he comes ben ;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men ;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I 'll forsake him,
 He 'll gie me guid hunder marks ten :
 But, if it 's ordain'd I maun take him,
 Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen !

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin',
 And the very gray brecks o' Tam Glen !

Come, counsel, dear tittle ! don't tarry ;
 I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen !

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE

TUNE—' *My Tocher's the Jewel* '

OH, meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;
 But little thinks my love, I ken brawlie,
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
 It's a' for the hinny he'll cherish the bee ;
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
 He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airt-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

GANE IS THE DAY

TUNE—' *Then, Guidwife, count the Lawin'* '

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

CHORUS

Then, guidwife, count the lawin',
 The lawin', the lawin',
 Then, guidwife, count the lawin',
 And bring a coggie mair.

There 's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen' ;
 But here we 're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that 's drunk 's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink but deep ye 'll find him out.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE ?

TUNE—' *What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld Man ?* '

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?
 Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan' !

He 's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang ;
 He 's doylt and he 's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
 Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
 He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
 Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !

My auld Auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I 'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
 I 'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE 'BONNIE WEE' THING

TUNE—' *Bonnie Wee Thing* '

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine !

Wishfully I look and languish,
 In that bonnie face o' thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine ;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !

OH, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM !

TUNE—*'The Moudiewort'*

CHORUS

AN' oh, for ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam !

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam !

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam !

They 'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie—there 's my loof—
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam !

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL

TUNE—*'The sweet Lass that lo'es me'*

OH, leeze me on my spinning wheel,
 Oh, leeze me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !

I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest we content, and milk and meal—
 Oh, leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest :
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :
 The craik among the clover hay,
 The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning wheel ?

THE COUNTRY LASSIE

TUNE—' *The Country Lassie* '

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
 And corn waved green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, ' I'll be wed, come o't what will.'
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild :
 ' O guid advisement comes nae ill.

' It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye 're but young, ye ken ;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie but, a routhie ben :
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' his byre ;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.'

' For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me ;
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e.
And, weel I wat, he lo'es me dear :
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.'

' O thoughtless lassie ! life's a faught ;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
A hungry care's an unco care.
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.'

' Oh, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy ;
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden love lays on ;
Content and love bring peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?'

MY BONNIE MARY

TUNE—' *Go fetch to me a pint o' wine* '

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glimmering spears are rankèd ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to farry ;
 Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar—
 It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF FERGUSON

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSON, POET

Born, September 5, 1751—Died, 16th October 1774

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
 ' No storied urn nor animated bust ; '
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

On the other side of the Stone is as follows :—

' By special grant of the Managers to Robert Burns,
 who erected this stone, this burial-place is to remain for
 ever sacred to the memory of Robert Ferguson.'

FRAGMENT

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white ;
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing : If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ;
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right :
 A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is man ! for as simple he looks,
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks ;
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
 All in all he 's a problem must puzzle the devil

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
 That, like th' old Hebrew-walking switch, eats up its
 neighbours :

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him ?
 Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
 What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
 One trifling particular—truth—should have miss'd him ;
 For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions,
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
 And think human nature they truly describe ;
 Have you found this, or t' other ? there 's more in the wind,
 As by one drunken fellow his comrades you 'll find.
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
 In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
 No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
 Nor even two different shades of the same,
 Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother,
 Possessing the one shall imply you 've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with the Muse,
 Whose rhymes you 'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse ,
 Will you leave your joustings, your jars, and your quarrels,
 Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels ?
 My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
 Your courage much more than your prudence you show it ;
 In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
 He 'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle ;
 Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
 He 'd up the back-stairs, and by God he would steal 'em !
 Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em,
 It is not, out-do him, the task is, out-thieve him !

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES,

ON NEW YEAR'S EVENING, 1790

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity :
 Though, by the by, abroad why will ye roam ?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home :
 But not for panegyric I appear,
 I come to wish you all a good new-year !
 Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :
 The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say—
 ' You 're one year older this important day ; '
 If *wiser*, too—he hinted some suggestion,
 But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
 And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
 He bade me on you press this one word—' *Think !* '

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
 Who think to storm the world by dint of merit !
 To you the dotard has a deal to say,
 In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way :
 He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
 That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
 That though some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
 Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;
 That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
 You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least in love, ye youthful fair,
 Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !
 To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
 And humbly begs you 'll mind the important now !
 To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
 And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak endeavours,
 With grateful pride we own your many favours ;
 And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
 Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT,
DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ;
And last my Prologue-business silyly hinted.

' Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,
' I know your bent—these are no laughing times :
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance ;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land ? ' .

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
' D'ye think,' said I, ' this face was made for crying ?
I'll laugh, that 's poz—nay more, the world shall know it ;
And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet ! ' .

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief ;
I also think—so may I be a bride !—
That so much laughter 's so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five :
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch !—
Say, you 'll be merry, though you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'est in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap :

Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf ?
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself :
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise ;
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE
 ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings ;
 While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
 And even children lisp the Rights of Man ;
 Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
 The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
 One sacred Right of Woman is—Protection.
 The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
 Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
 To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis Decorum.
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
 A time when rough, rude man had naughty ways ;
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet ; *

Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are fled ;
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That right to flutt'ring female hearts the nearest,

* Ironical allusion to the Saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt.

Which e'en the rights of Kings, in low prostration,
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration !
 In that blest sphere we live and move ;
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions ;
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah ! *ça ira !* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN.

FROM DR. BLACKLOCK

EDINBURGH, 24th August 1789.

DEAR Burns, thou brother of my heart,
 Both for thy virtues and thy art ;
 If art it may be call'd in thee,
 Which Nature's bounty, large and free,
 With pleasure in thy breast diffuses,
 And warms thy soul with all the Muses.
 Whether to laugh with easy grace,
 Thy numbers move the sage's face,
 Or bid the softer passions rise,
 And ruthless souls with grief surprise,
 'Tis Nature's voice distinctly felt,
 Through thee, her organ, thus to melt.

Most anxiously I wish to know
 With thee of late how matters go ;
 How keeps thy much-loved Jean her health ?
 What promises thy farm of wealth ?
 Whether the Muse persists to smile,
 And all thy anxious cares beguile ?
 Whether bright fancy keeps alive ?
 And how thy darling infants thrive ?

For me, with grief and sickness spent,
 Since I my journey homeward bent,
 Spirits depress'd no more I mourn,
 But vigour, life, and health return.
 No more to gloomy thoughts a prey,
 I sleep all night, and live all day ;

By turns my book and friend enjoy,
 And thus my circling hours employ :
 Happy while yet these hours remain,
 If Burns could join the cheerful train,
 With wonted zeal, sincere and fervent,
 Salute once more his humble servant,

THO. BLACKLOCK

TO DR. BLACKLOCK

IN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE EPISTLE

ELLISLAND, 21st October 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send you aye as weel 's I want ye,
 And then ye 'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south !
 And never drink be near his drouth !
 He tald mysel' by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter ;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But 'aiblins, honest Master Heron *
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study ;
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d' ye think, my trusty fier,
 I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here !
 Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
 Ye 'll now disdain me ;
 And then my fifty pounds a-year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
 Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,

* 'Heron : ' a poor unfortunate, but rather able bookseller's hack—
 author of a ' Life of Burns.'

Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

Lord, help me through this world o' care !
 I'm weary sick o' t late and air !
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than mony ithers ;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers ?

Come, firm Resolve ! take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair ;
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whiles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
 To make a happy fireside clime
 To weans and wife ;
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie ;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky ;
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay !
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS

THERE 'LL NEVER BE PEACE

AIR—*'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame'*

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray ;
And as he was singing the tears fast down came—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars :
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We dare na' weel say 't, but we ken wha 's to blame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven brow sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird :
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my hairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT

AIR—*'Captain O'Kean'*

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale ;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne ?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn ;
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn ;
 Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
 Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return !

SONG OF DEATH.

AIR—' *Oran an Aoig* '

SCENE—A field of battle—Time of the day, evening—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song :—

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun ;
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go, frighten the coward and slave ;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 Oh ! who would not rest with the brave !

NAEBODY

TUNE—' *Naebody* '

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody ;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody ;
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naeboddy's lord,
 I'll be slave to naeboddy ;
 I hae a guid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naeboddy.

I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naeboddy ;
 If naeboddy care for me,
 I'll care for naeboddy.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love !
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace ;
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green ;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene ;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wing'd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

LINES ON MEETING WITH BASIL, LORD DAER *

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,
 A ne'er to be forgotten day,
 Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
 Nay, been bitch-fou' 'mang godly priests,
 Wi' reverence be it spoken ;
 I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
 When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin !
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son !
 Up higher yet my bonnet !
 An' sic a Lord !—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic power !
 To show Sir Bardie's willyart glower,
 And how he stared and stammer'd,
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen ;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surprised me) modesty,
 I markèd naught uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming ;
 The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

* ' Lord Daer : ' son of the Earl of Selkirk,

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
 One rank as weel 's another ;
 Nae honest worthy man need care
 To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.

ON A YOUNG LADY *

RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SMALL RIVER DEVON, IN
 CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT WHOSE INFANT YEARS WERE
 SPENT IN AYRSHIRE

AIR—' *The Pretty Milkmaid* '

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair,
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew !
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

Oh, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose ;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

CASTLE-GORDON

TUNE—' *Morag* '

STREAMS that glide in orient plains
 Never bound by winter's chains ;
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commix'd with foulest stains

* * Young lady ; * Charlotte Hamilton,

From Tyranny's empurpled bands :
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave ;
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms, by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
 In that sober, pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood ;
 Life's poor day I 'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonnie Castle-Gordon.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
 As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
 Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
 As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
 In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
 As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
 Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
 Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
 Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens ;
 Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored ;
 Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord !

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?
 And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
 And not a Muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;
 But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care !
 So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree ;
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

FAIR ELIZA

A GAELIC AIR

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part !
 Rue on thy despairing lover !
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended !
 The offence is loving thee :
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die ?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon ;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon :

Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
 That thy presence gies to me.

OH, LUVE WILL VENTURE IN

TUNE—' *The Posie* '

Oh, luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen,
 Oh, luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been ;
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae
 green—

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a
 peer—

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou' ;
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enin' star is near,
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her e'en sae clear ;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
 remove—

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON

TUNE—' *Caledonian Hunt's Delight* '

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care !
 Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flowering thorn ;
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luvie stole my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie ;
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 Oh, tinkler Madgie was her mither—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither.

She 's bow-hough'd, she 's heinshinn'd,
 Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin' ;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

● LOOMY DECEMBER

TUNE—' *Wandering Willie* '

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
 Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair !
 Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
 But the dire feeling, oh ! farewell for ever,
 Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is floun,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone !
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
 For sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy,* oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE

TUNE—' *Shawntoy* '

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation ;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honoured station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying's the *ton* of your fashion ;
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

* 'Nancy : ' Clarinda.

Ye Powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
 Who markèd each element's border ;
 Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovèrign statute is order ;
 Within this dear mansion, may wayward contention
 Or witherèd envy ne'er enter ;
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
 And brotherly love be the centre !

SHE 'S FAIR AND FAUSE

TUNE—*'She's fair and fause'*

SHE 's fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;
 She 's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof came in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is but world's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind—
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
 A woman has 't by kind :
 Oh, woman lovely, woman fair !
 An angel form 's fa'n to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.

AFTON WATER

TUNE—*'The Yellow-hair'd Laddie'*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills ;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow !
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ; *
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays :
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE SMILING SPRING

TUNE—' *Bonnie Bell* '

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grimly flies :
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies :
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The evening gilds the ocean's swell ;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
 Till smiling Spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

* Dr. Currie says, ' Afton Water is the stream on which stands Afton Lodge : to which Mrs. Stewart removed from Stair. Afton Lodge was Mrs. Stewart's property from her father. The song was presented to her in return for her notice, the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life.'

THE GALLANT WEAVER

TUNE—' *The Weavers' March* '

WHERE Cart * rins rowin' to the sea,
 By mony a flower and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had woovers aucht or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
 To gie the lad that has the land ;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
 While bees delight in opening flowers ;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers.
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE ?

TUNE—' *Louis, what reck I by thee ?* '

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean ?
 Dyvour, beggar louns to me—
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me :
 'Kings and nations—swith, awa' !
 Rief randies, I disown ye !

* 'Cart : ' a river near Paisley, sung by Campbell, and celebrated by Wilson, as well as by Burns.

SOMEBODY

TUNE—' *For the sake o' Somebody* '

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
 My heart is sair for somebody ;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody !

Ye Powers, that smile on virtuous love !
 Oh, sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody !
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not ?
 For the sake o' somebody !

THE BONNIE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE *

TUNE—' *Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff* '

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang ;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along ;
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,
 Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
 When, musing in a lonely glade
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

* Every reader of Burns remembers the circumstances which led to this poem. Its heroine, Miss Alexander, died unmarried in 1843.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wandering in the lonely wild :
 But woman, Nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain !
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine,
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS

TUNE—' *Lass of Inverness* '

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e :
 Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost my father dear—
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see ;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever bless'd a woman's e'e !

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man, I trow, thou be ;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

O MAY, THY MORN

TUNE—' *O May, thy morn* '

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
 As the mirk night o' December ;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber :
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will aye remember :
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will aye remember !

And here 's to them, that, like oursel',
 Can push about the jorum ;
 And here 's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that 's guid watch o'er 'em !
 And here 's to them, we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum :
 And here 's to them, we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum !

OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN ?

TUNE—' *I'll gang nae mair to yon Town* '

OH, wat ye wha 's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin' sun upon ?
 The fairest dame 's in yon town,
 That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree :
 How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year,
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear !

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky !

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air,
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

Oh, sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin' sun 's gane down upon ;
 A fairer than 's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear ;
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me—spare me Lucy dear !

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she—as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.*

A RED, RED ROSE

TUNE—' *Graham's Strathspey* '

OH, my luve 's like a red, red rose,
 That 's newly sprung in June :
 Oh, my luve 's like the melody,
 That 's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I :
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

* The heroine of this song was Lucy Johnston—married to Mr. Oswald of Auchencruive, Ayrshire. She died of consumption at Lisbon, a year after the composition of the above song, in the prime of life. She is said to have been a most accomplished and beautiful woman.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve !
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION

As I stood by yon roofless tower,*
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care ;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky ;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din,
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me ;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—' Liberty !'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear ;
But oh ! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear !

* ' Tower : ' Lincluden Abbey.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times ;
 But what he said it was nae play—
 I winna venture 't in my rhymes.

ADDRESS TO MR. WM. TYTLER

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected—
 A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
 But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Though something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;
 A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wanderer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne ;
 My fathers have fallen to right it ;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The Queen and the rest of the gentry ;
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine—
 Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
 That gave us the Hanover stem ;
 If bringing them over was lucky for us,
 I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter ?
 The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter !

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care ;
 But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night ;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

CALEDONIA

TUNE—' *Caledonian Hunt's Delight* '

THERE was once a day—but old Time then was young—
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
 From some of your northern deities sprung,
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?)
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew :
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
 ' Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue ! '
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport.
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;
 But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort,
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles * from Adria's strand ;
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land ;
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ; †
 The wild Scandinavian boar ‡ issued forth
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :

* ' Bold eagles : ' the Romans.

† ' Dread of the shore : ' the Saxons.

‡ ' Scandinavian boar : ' the Danes.

O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.*

The chameleon-savage disturb'd her repose.
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
 Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life : †
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood ;
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learn'd to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
 Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base :
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

POEM

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWS-
 PAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And, faith, to me 'twas really new !
 How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ?
 This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was brewin' ;
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin' ;
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
 Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks ;
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt :
 If Denmark, any body spak o't ;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;

* 'Largs and Loncartie' two famous battles in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.

† The Picts.

How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin' ;
 How libbet Italy was singin' ;
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
 Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss :
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court, kept up the game :
 How royal George—the Lord leuk o'er him !—
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin',
 How cesses, stents, and fears were rax'd,
 Or if bare arses yet were tax'd ;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls ;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,
 Or if he was grown oughtlins doucer,
 And no a perfect kintry cooser.
 A' this and mair I never heard of ;
 And, but for you, I might despair'd of ;
 So gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you !

NOTE, COMPLAINING THAT THE PAPER ABOVE MENTIONED
DID NOT COME REGULARLY

Dear Peter, dear Peter,
 We poor sons of metre
 Are often negleckit, ye ken ;
 For instance, your sheet, man,
 (Though glad I'm to see 't, man),
 I get it no ae day in ten.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY

HAIL, Poesie ! thou nymph reserved !
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerved ,
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
 'Mang heaps o' clavers ;
 And, och ! owre aft thy joes hae starved,
 'Mid a' thy favours !

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage,
 Scarce ane has tried the Shepherd-sang
 But wi' miscarriage ?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives ;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin', till him rives
 Horatian fame ;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 E'en Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches ?
 They 're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches ;
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches
 O' heathen tatters :
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly, in its native air
 And rural grace ;
 And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
 A rival place ?

Yes ! there is ane—a Scottish callan !
 There 's ane ; come forrit, honest Allan !
 Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever ;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtallan,
 But thou 's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
 Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes :
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays,
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel' ;
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love,
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR *

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR

TUNE—' *Cameronian Rant* '

' OH, cam ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
 Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man ? '

' I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
 And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,
 My heart for fear gaed sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

' The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them were nae slaw, man ;
 They rush'd and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,
 And mony a bouk did fa, man :
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glancèd twenty miles :
 They hack'd and hash'd, while broadsword clash'd,
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 Till fey men died awa', man.

' But had you seen the philabegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 When in the teeth they dared our Whigs,
 And Covenant true-blues, man ;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets opposed the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.'

* This is founded on an old song by Barclay the Berean.

' Oh how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man ;
 I saw mysel', they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,
 But, cursèd lot ! the gates were shut,
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaisht did swarf, man.'

' My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good-will
 That day their neibours' blood to spill ;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose—all crying woes ;
 And so it goes you see, man.

' They 've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Amang the Highland clans, man ;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man :
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang and some for right ;
 But mony bade the world guid-night ;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.'

NEW-YEAR'S DAY (1790)

A SKETCH

TO MRS. DUNLOP

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again :
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow !
 With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer,
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;
 Coila's fair Rachel's * care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
 And join with me a moralising,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver ?
 ' Another year is gone for ever ! '
 And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
 ' The passing moment's all we rest on ! '
 Rest on—for what ? what do we here ?
 Or why regard the passing year ?
 Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more ?
 A few days may—a few years must—
 Repose us in the silent dust.
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies :
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight :
 That future life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone ;
 Whether as Heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as Misery's woful night.

Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends ;
 Let us th' important *now* employ,
 And live as those who never die.
 Though you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight pale Envy to convulse)
 Others now claim your chief regard ;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

* ' Rachel : ' this young lady was drawing a picture of Coila from ' The Vision.'

EXTEMPORE ON THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY, AND
MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES
OF EDINBURGH

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Cròchallan * came,
The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout, the same,
His bristling beard just rising in its might ;
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night ;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear unmatch'd ;
Yet though his caustic wit was biting rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE

AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON

Written in Summer, 1795

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resign'd ;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL,† ESQ. OF GLENRIDDEL,
APRIL 1794

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more ;
Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul :
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole—
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

* ' Crochallan : ' Mr. Smellie and our poet were both members of a club
in Edinburgh, under the name of ' Crochallan Fencibles.'

† ' Robert Riddel, Esq. : ' of Friars' Carse,

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes ?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend ;
How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddel
lies !

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping on his bier ;
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his narrow house for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet ;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet !

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE *

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired !
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd !
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired !
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed ;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved !

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We 'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We 'll roam through the forest for each idle weed ;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We 'll sculpture the marble, we 'll measure the lay,
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

* Written on Mrs. Riddel.

THE EPITAPH

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
 What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam :
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA

From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
 Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ;
 Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
 And deal from iron hands the spare repast,
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;
 Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
 Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more ;
 Where tiny thieves not destined yet to swing,
 Beat hemp for others, riper for the string :
 From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
 To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

' Alas ! I feel I am no actor here ! '
 'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear !
 Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale,
 Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ;
 Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy poll'd
 By barber woven, and by barber sold,
 Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
 Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
 The hero of the mimic scene, no more
 I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;
 Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
 In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms ;
 While sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high,
 And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
 Blest Highland bonnet ! once my proudest dress,
 Now prouder still, Maria's temples press,
 I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy war ;
 I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,*
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;

* ' First of Ireland's sons : ' Gillespie,

The crafty colonel * leaves the tartan'd lines
 For other wars, where he a hero shines ;
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
 Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
 Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
 That *Veni, vidi, vici*, is his way ;
 The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks ;
 Though there, his heresies in Church and State
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.
 (What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger,
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ;
 Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom, when
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
 Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine ;
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even the abuse of pöesy abused ;
 Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made
 For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd ?)

A workhouse ! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
 And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep !
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
 And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour ?
 Must earth no rascal save thyself endure ?
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
 And make a vast monopoly of hell ?
 Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse ;
 The Vices also, must they club their curse ?
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
 Because thy guilt 's supreme enough for all ?

Maria, send me, too, thy griefs and cares ;
 In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
 Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls ?
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?

* ' Crafty colonel : ' Colonel M'Dowal.

Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true ?
Our force united on thy foes we 'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born :
For who can write and speak as thou and I ?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.*

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS

O GOUDIE! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and reverend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin', looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me, she's in a sad condition ;
Fie ! bring Black Jock, her state-physician,
To see her water ;
Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple;
 But now she's got an unco ripple;
 Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
 Nigh unto death;
 See how she fetches at the thrapple,
 And gasps for breath!

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gane in a gallopin' consumption,
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her,
Her feeble pulse gie's strong presumption
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor † are the chief
Wha are to blame for this mischief :

* The Esopus of this satire was Williamson, an actor, and the Maria to whom it is addressed was Mrs. Riddel.

† 'Taylor : ' Dr. Taylor of Norwich.

But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
 A toom tar barrel
 And twa red peats wad send relief,
 And end the quarrel.

THE INVENTORY

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE SENT BY THE SURVEYOR OF
 TAXES

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list,
 My horses, servants, carts, and graith,
 To which I 'm free to tak my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
 I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew before a pettle ;
 My han'-afore 's * a guid auld has been,
 And wight and wilfu' a' his days been ;
 My han'-ahin,† a weel gaun filly,
 Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie,‡
 And your auld borough mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime—
 But ance, when in my wooing pride,
 I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
 (Lord, pardon a' my sins, and that too !)
 I play'd my filly sic a shavie,
 She 's a' bedevill'd wi' the spavie.
 My fur-ahin,§ a wordy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was traced :
 The fourth 's a Highland Donald hastie,
 A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie !
 Forby a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail ;
 An' he be spared to be a beast,
 He 'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few—
 Three carts, and twa are feckly new ;
 An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken :

* ' Han'-afore : ' the fore-horse on the left-hand in the plough.

† ' Han'-ahin : ' the hindmost on the left-hand in the plough.

‡ ' Killie : ' Kilmarnock.

§ ' Fur-ahin' : ' the same on the right-hand in the plough.

I made a pöker o' the spin'le,
And my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin' and for noise ;
A gadsman ane, a thresher t' other,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And often labour them completely ;
And aye on Sundays, dully, nightly,
I on the questions targe them tightly,
Till, faith, wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
Though scarcely langer than my leg,
He 'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station,
(Lord, keep me aye frae a' temptation !)
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye hae laid nae tax on misses ;
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted ;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace ;
But her, my bonnie, sweet, wee lady,
I've said enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
By the Lord ! ye 'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin' ;
Through dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit !
My travel a' on foot I'll shank it.

The kirk an' you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat ;
Sae dinna put me in your book,
Nor for my ten white shillings look.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under notit ;
Then know, all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic,

ROBERT BURNS

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

TUNE—' *The Deuk's dung o'er my Daddy* '

NÆ gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care ;
Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O !

CHORUS

Within the glen sae bushy, O !
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O !
I set me down wi' right good will
To sing my Highland lassie, O !

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O !

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O !

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O !

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw,
Around my Highland lassie, O !

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O !

Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O !
Farewell, the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O ! *

* This seems to have been written on Highland Mary.

IMPROMPTU

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER 1793

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
 Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd :—
 What have I done of all the year,
 To bear this hated doom severe ?
 My cheerless suns no pleasure know :
 Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow :
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,
 But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil ;
 Give me, and I've no more to say,
 Give me Maria's natal day !
 That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
 Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me.
 'Tis done ! says Jove ; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST !

TUNE—' *The Lass o' Livingstone* '

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast, •
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea ;
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there :
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign—
 The brightest jewel in my crown,
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

TO A YOUNG LADY *

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the poet's prayer ;
 That Fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss enrol thy name :
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind—
 These be thy guardian and reward ;
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF
 THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING
 WALK

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain ;
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek Content, with light unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies !
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee
 I'll share.

* ' Young lady : ' Miss Jessy Lewars, Dumfries.

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN
PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST OF
COOKERY, 17TH DECEMBER 1795

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation ;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER

OH, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit ;
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

TUNE—' *Push about the Jorum* '

APRIL 1795

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the loons beware, sir ;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !

Oh, let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided ;
Till, slap, come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel's united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State
 Perhaps a clout may fail in 't ;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in 't.
 Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it,
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it !

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who 'd set the mob aboon the throne
 May they be damn'd together !
 Who will not sing, ' God save the King,'
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple ;
 But while we sing ' God save the King,'
 We 'll ne'er forget the People.

POEM, ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal ;
 Alake, alake, the meikle deil,
 Wi' a' his witches,
 Are at it skelpin' jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
 That one-pound-one I sairly want it :
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It would be kind ;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I 'd bear 't in mind.

So may the old year gang out moanin',
 To see the new come laden, groanin',
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin',
 To thee and thine ;
 Domestic peace and comforts crownin'
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
 And by fell Death was nearly nicket :
 Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
 But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
 My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
 A tentier way :
 Then farewell, Folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and aye !

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN (MR. RIDDEL) WHOM HE
 HAD OFFENDED

THE friend whom, wild from wisdom's way,
 The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
 (Not moony madness more astray)
 Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
 Ah ! why should I such scenes outlive ?
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart,
 'Tis thine to pity and forgive !

POEM ON LIFE

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES 1796

MY honour'd colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal ;
 Ah ! now sma' heart hae I to speel
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
 And potion glasses.

Oh, what a canty warld were it,
 Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it ;

And fortune favour worth and merit,
 As they deserve :
 And aye a rowth roast beef and claret ;
 Syne, wha wad starve ?

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her ;
 Oh ! flickering, feeble, and unsicker,
 I 've found her still,
 Aye wavering like the willow wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole,* auld Satan,
 Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on,
 Wi' felon ire ;
 Syne, whip ! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on—
 He 's off like fire.

Ah, Nick ! ah, Nick ! it is na fair,
 First showing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
 To put us daft ;
 Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the fly, aft bizzes by,
 And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
 Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
 And hellish pleasure ;
 Already in thy fancy's eye,
 Thy sicker treasure !

Soon, heels owre gowdy, in he gangs,
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murdering wrestle,
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen :
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil !
 Amen ! Amen !

* 'Carmagnole : ' a French Revolutionary nickname.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortured gums alang ;
 And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes,
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan ;
 But thee, thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle,
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets keckle,
 To see me loup ;
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the numerous human dools,
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see !
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools—
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
 And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a' !

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick !
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmond's toothache !

OH, WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME ?

TUNE—' *Morag* '

Oh, wha is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping ?
 Oh, sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dew's o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rosebuds steeping.

CHORUS

Oh, that 's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 Oh, that 's the queen o' woman kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming :

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attention 's plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted ;
 And thou art all delighted :

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted :

Oh, that 's the lassie o' my heart, etc.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS

TUNE—' *Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss* '

JOCKEY 's ta'en the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he is gane ;
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Naught but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain !
 Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

When the shades of evening creep,
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be !

He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

MY PEGGY'S FACE

TUNE—' *My Peggy's face* '

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye ;
 Who but owns their magic sway !
 Who but knows they all decay !
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarms—
 These are all immortal charms.

KEN YE AUGHT O' CAPTAIN GROSE ?

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN
GROSE, TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDONNEL, ANTIQUARIAN

TUNE—' *Sir John Malcolm* '

KEN ye aught o' Captain Grose ?
Igo and ago,
If he 's amang his friends or foes ?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North ?
Igo and ago,
Or drownèd in the river Forth ?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies ?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis ?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane ?
Igo and ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame ?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him !
Igo and ago,
As for the Deil, he daur na steer him,
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation !
Iram, coram, dago.

ON SENSIBILITY

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND, MRS. DUNLOP
OF DUNLOP

SENSIBILITY, how charming !
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell :
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well !

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray :
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys :
Hapless bird ! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow ;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

A VERSE

COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY BURNS, TO THE MASTER OF
THE HOUSE, ON TAKING LEAVE AT A PLACE IN THE
HIGHLANDS WHERE HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY ENTER-
TAINED

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come ;
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !

Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
 Fare thee weel, before I gang !
 Bonnie Doon, whare, early roamin',
 First I weaved the rustic sang !

Bowers, adieu ! whare love, decoying,
 First enthrall'd this heart o' mine ;
 There the softest sweets enjoying—
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tyne !

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
 Ye hae render'd moments dear,
 But, alas ! when forced to sever,
 Then the stroke, oh, how severe !

Friends ! that parting tear reserve it,
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me !
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be !

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu !

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE ON PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S BIRTHDAY

FALSE flatterer, Hope, away !
 Nor think to lure us as in days of yore :
 We solemnise this sorrowing natal day,
 To prove our loyal truth—we can no more ;
 And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
 Submissive, low, adore.

Ye honour'd mighty dead !
 Who nobly perish'd in the glorious cause,
 Your King, your Country, and her Laws !
 From great Dundee who, smiling, Victory led,
 And fell a martyr in her arms,
 (What breast of northern ice but warms !)
 To bold Balmerino's undying name,
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.

Not unrevenge'd your fate shall be,
 It only lags the fatal hour ;
 Your blood shall with incessant cry
 Awake at last th' unsparing power ;
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along,
 With doubling speed and gathering force,
 Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale,
 So vengeance.

REMORSE

[FROM THE POET'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK]

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
 That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
 Beyond comparison the worst are those
 That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
 In every other circumstance, the mind
 Has this to say—' It was no deed of mine ! '
 But when to all the evil of misfortune
 This sting is added—' Blame thy foolish self ! '
 Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse ;
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
 Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involv'd others ;
 The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us,
 Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin !
 Oh, burning hell ! in all thy store of torments,
 There's not a keener lash !
 Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
 Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
 Can reason down its agonising throbs ;
 And, after proper purpose of amendment,
 Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace ?
 Oh, happy ! happy ! enviable man !
 Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul !

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND

AN honest man here lies at rest,
 As e'er God with his image blest ;
 The friend of man, the friend of truth,
 The friend of age, and guide of youth ;

Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
 If there 's another world, he lives in bliss ;
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
 For every creature's want !
 We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
 For all thy goodness lent :
 And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
 May never worse be sent ;
 But whether granted, or denied,
 Lord, bless us with content !
 Amen !

GRACE AFTER MEAT

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
 Who mad'st the sea and shore !,
 Thy goodness constantly we prove,
 And, grateful, would adore.
 And if it please thee, Power above,
 Still grant us, with such store,
 The friend we trust, the fair we love ;
 And we desire no more.

GRACE SPOKEN AT THE TABLE OF THE
 EARL OF SELKIRK

SOME hae meat that canna eat,
 And some would eat that want it ;
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,
 Sae let the Lord be thankit.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
Though Fortune's road be rough and hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But tak it like the unback'd filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whiles we saunter,
Yirr ! Fancy barks, awa' we canter,
Up-hill, down-brae, till some mishanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us ; then the scathe and banter
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart !—hale be your fiddle !
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this vile warl' ;
Until ye on a cummock driddle,
A gray-hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
 Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune !
 And screw your temper-pins aboon,
 A fifth or mair,
 The melancholious, lazy crown
 O' cankrie care !

May still your life, from day to day,
Nae 'lente largo' in the play,
But 'allegretto forte,' gay,
*Harmonious flow :
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore ! bravo !

A' blessin's on the cheerie gang,
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
And never think o' right and wrang
By square and rule ;
But as the clegs o' feeling stang,
Are wise or fool !

* The above epistle was addressed by Burns to the late Major Wm. Logan of Camlargh, (whilst residing at Park House, near Ayr,) brother of the Miss Logan, to whom the poet presented a copy of Beattie's 'Minstrel.' Major Logan was esteemed one of the first violin-players of his day.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase,
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
 Their tuneless hearts !
May fireside discords jar a base
 To a' their parts !

But come—your hand, my careless brither,
I' th' tither warl', if there's anither—
And that there is, I've little swither
About the matter—
We, cheek for chow, shall jog thegither;
I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly;
We're frail, backsliding mortals merely;
Eve's bonnie squad, priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa';
But still—but still—I like them dearly!
God bless them a'!

Ochon ! for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers !
The witching, curst, delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers
Wi' girnin' spite.

But, by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'—
And every star within my hearin'!
And by her e'en, wha was a dear ane!
I'll ne'er forget!
I hope to gie the jauds a clearin'
In fair play yet

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it :
Aunce to the Indies I were wonted,
Some cantrip hour,
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
Then, *Vive l'amour !*

Faites mes baisemains respectueusè
To sentimental sister Susie,
And honest Luckie ; no to roose you,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple Fate allows ye
To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
And, troth, my rhymin' ware 's nae treasure ;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be 't light, be 't dark,
Sir Bard will do himsel' the pleasure
To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS

MOSSGIEL, 30th October 1786

THIRD EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK

SEPTEMBER 13, 1785

GUID speed and furdur to you, Johnnie,
GUID health, hale han's, and weather bonnie ;
Now when ye 're nickan down fu' canny
The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head !

May Boreas never thrash your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs and hags,
Like drivin' wrack ;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack !

I'm bizzie too, and skelpin' at it,
But bitter, daudin' showers hae wat it,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it,
Wi' muckle wark,
And took my jokteleg and whatt it,
Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
 On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel' yè're better,
 But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sel's ;
We'll cry nae jauds frae heathen hills,
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives and whisky stills,
They are the Muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
 And, if ye mak objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve some day we 'll knot it,
 And witness take,
 And when wi' usquebae we 've wat it,
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,
 And a' the vittel in the yard,
 An' theekit right,
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

Then Muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
 Shall make us baith sae blithe and witty,
 Till ye forget ye 're auld and gatty,
 And be as canty,
 As ye were nine year less than thretty,
 Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are coupit wi' the blast,
 And now the sin keeks in the west,
 Then I maun rin amang the rest
 And quat my chanter;
 Sae I subscribe mysel' in haste,
 Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

TO THE REVEREND JOHN M'MATH *

INCLOSING A COPY OF 'HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER,' WHICH
 HE HAD REQUESTED

September 17, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower
 To shun the bitter blaudin' shower,
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scower,
 To pass the time,
 To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

* 'Rev. John M'Math:' assistant to the Rev. Peter Woodrow of Tarbolton. He fell into dissipated habits, and either resigned his charge or was deposed. He afterwards enlisted as a common soldier in the army.

My Musie, tired wi' mony a sonnet,
On gown, and ban', and douce black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
And rouse their holy thunder on it,
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
That I, a simple, country bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Loose hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, and hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gawn,* misca't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abused him,
And may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've used him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
And shall his fame and honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
And not a Muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums ?

O Pope! had I thy satire's darts,
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 And tell aloud,
Their jugglin', hocus-pocus arts,
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I e'en the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen.

* 'Gawn': Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 And if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good sir, in ane
 Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye ;
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Aught that belang'd ye.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER *

I

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for ony guid or ill
 Thev've done afore thee !

II

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore thy sight,
 For gifts and grace,
 A burnin' and a shinin' light
 To a' this place.

III

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get such exaltation,
 I wha deserve sic just damnation
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Through Adam's cause !

IV

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plungèd me in hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

* 'Holy Willie:' William Fisher, a hypocritical elder in Mauchline.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

V

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample ;
I 'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example
 To a' thy flock.

VI

O Lord ! thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin' there, and dancin' here,
 Wi' great an' sma' ;
For I am keepit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

VII

But yet, O Lord ! confess I must,
At times I 'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
And sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust
 Vile self gets in ;
But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defiled in sin.

VIII

O Lord ! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
Oh ! may 't ne'er be a livin' plague,
 To my dishonour,
And I 'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
 Again upon her.

IX

Besides, I, farther maun avow,
Wi' Leezie's lass, three times, I trow ;
But, Lord ! that Friday I was fou,
 When I came near her,
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

X

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he 's sae gifted ;
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it.

XI

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here thou hast a chosen race ;
 But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
 And public shame.

XII

Lord ! mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
 He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
 Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
 Wi' grit and sma',
 Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

XIII

And when we chasten'd him therefor,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the world in a roar
 O' laughin' at us :—
 'Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes.

XIV

Lord, hear my earnest cry and prayer,
 Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr ;
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare,
 Upo' their heads ;
 Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

XV

O Lord my God ! that glib-tongued Aiken,
 My very heart and saul are quakin',
 To think how I sat sweatin', shakin',
 And p—d wi' dread,
 While Auld wi' hingin' lip gaed snakin',
 And hid his head.

XVI

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him,
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their prayer ;
 But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

XVII

But, Lord, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by nane,
 And a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen ! Amen !

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE

HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
 Taks up its last abode ;
 His saul has ta'en some other way,
 I fear the left-hand road.

Stop ! there he is, as sure 's a gun,
 Poor silly body, see him ;
 Nae wonder he 's as black 's the grun,
 Observe wha 's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye ;
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
 Till ance ye 've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
 For pity ye hae nane !
 Justice, alas ! has gi'en him o'er,
 And Mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
 Look something to your credit ;
 A coof like him would stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it.

THE KIRK'S ALARM *

A SATIRE

ORTHODOX, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience ;
 There 's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,
 That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac,† Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
 To strike evil-doers wi' terror ;
 To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewin' ;
 Provost John is still deaf to the Church's relief,
 And orator Bob ‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,§ D'rymple mild, though your heart 's like
 a child,
 And your life like the new-driven snaw ;
 Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
 For preaching that three 's ane and twa.

Rumble John,|| Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
 Cry, the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;
 Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
 And roar every note of the damn'd.

* 'The Kirk's Alarm : ' this poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Essay, and has reference to the polemical warfare which it excited.

† 'Dr. Mac : ' Dr. M'Gill.

‡ 'Orator Bob : ' Robert Aiken.

§ 'D'rymple mild : ' Dr. Dalrymple.

|| 'Rumble John : ' Mr. Russell.

Simper James,* Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
 There's a holier chase in your view;
 I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
 For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney,† Singet Sawney, are ye hoarding the penny,
 Unconscious what evils await?
 Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
 For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,‡ Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the Clerk;§
 Though ye downa do skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
 And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,|| Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do muster,
 The corps is no nice of recruits;
 Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
 If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose,¶ Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
 In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;
 But the Doctor's your mark, for the Lord's haly ark
 He has cooper'd and ca't a wrang pin in 't.

Poet Willie,** Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your 'liberty's chain' and your wit;
 O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh—t.

Andro Gouk,†† Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
 And the book not the waur, let me tell ye;
 Ye are rich and look big, but lay by hat and wig
 And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,‡‡ Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

* * Simper James : ' Mr. M'Kinlay.

† ' Singet Sawney : ' Mr. Moody.

‡ ' Daddy Auld : ' Mr. Auld, Mauchline.

§ ' Clerk : ' Mr. Gavin Hamilton.

|| ' Davie Bluster : ' Mr. Grant, Ochiltree.

¶ ' Jamie Goose : ' Mr. Young, Cummock.

** ' Poet Willie : ' Mr. Peebles, Ayr.

†† ' Andro Gouk : ' Dr. A. Mitchell.

‡‡ ' Barr Steenie : ' Mr. Stephen Young, Barr.

**Irvine-side,* Irvine-side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share ;
Ye 've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.**

Muirland Jock, † Muirland Jock, when the Lord makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,† Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor ;
The timmer is scant, when ye 're ta'en for a saint,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

**Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need ;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.**

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire ?
Your Muse is a gipsy, e'en though she were tipsy,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE HOLY TULZIE, OR TWA HERDS §

OH, a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes ?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
Oh! dool to tell,
Hae had a bitter black outcast
Atween themsel'.

* 'Irvine-side : ' Mr. Smith, Galston.

† 'Muirland Jock': Mr. Shepherd.

† 'Holy Will : ' Holy Willie.

§ 'Two herds': the two herds or pastors were Mr. Moody, minister of Riccartoun, and that favourite victim of Burns, John Russell, then minister at Kilmarnock, and afterwards of Stirling. This was the first of Burns' productions that saw the light; it was founded on a dispute—subject uncertain—between the two divines.

Oh, Moody, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle?
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

Oh, sirs ! wha e'er wad hae expeckit,
 Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
 Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
 To wear the plaid,
 But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
 To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moody's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank !
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well aye clear they drank—
Oh sic a feast !

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice through a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in ;
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale ?
His voice was heard through muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin ;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—oh! do I live to see 't!—
Sic famous twa should disagree 't,
And names like 'villain,' 'hypocrite,'
Ilk ither gi'en,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither 's liein'!

A' ye wha tend the gospel fauld,
 There 's Duncan, deep, and Peebles, shaul,
 But chiefly thou, Apostle Auld,
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we 're beset,
 There 's scarce a new herd that we get,
 But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
 I winna name ;
 I hope frae heaven to see them yet
 In fiery flame !

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
 M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that cursed rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
 And baith the Shaws,
 That aft hae made us black and blae,
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief,
 We thought aye death would bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chiel wha 'll soundly buff our beef ;
 I meikle dread him.*

And mony a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,
 Forby turn-coats amang oursel',
 There 's Smith for ane,
 I doubt he 's 'but a gray-nick quill,
 And that ye 'll fin'.

Oh ! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come, join your counsel and your skills,
 To cove the lairds,
 And get the brutes the power themsel's
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woodie dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France :
 Let him bark there.

••Dread him : ' alluding to the Rev. Mr. M'Math, mentioned above.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
 And guid M'Math,
 Wi' Smith, wha through the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aff.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH,

BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH

AULD chuckie Reekie's * sair distress'd,
 Down droops, her ance weel-burnish'd crest,
 Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
 Her darling bird that she lo'es best—
 Willie's awa'!

Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco slight;
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
 And trig and braw:
 But now they'll busk her like a fright—
 Willie's awa'!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
 They durst na mair than he allow'd,
 That was a law:
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
 Willie's awa'!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools,
 In glen or shaw;
 He wha could brush them down to mools,
 Willie's awa'!

The brethren o' the Commerce-chaumer †
 May mourn their loss wi doolfu' clamour,

* 'Reekie': Edinburgh.

† 'Commerce-chaumer': the Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of which Mr. Creech was secretary.

He was a dictionar' and grammar
 Amang them a' ;
 I fear they 'll now mak mony a stammer—
 Willie 's awa' !

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and Poets pour,
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw !
 The adjutant o' a' the core—
 Willie 's awa' !

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
 Tytler's and Greenfield's * modest grace ;
 Mackenzie, Stuart, sic a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw ;
 They a' maun meet some ither place—
 Willie 's awa' !

Poor Burns, e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
 Scared frae its minnie and the cleckin'
 By hoodie-craw ;
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin'—
 Willie 's awa' !

Now every sour-mou'd girnin' blellum—
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ;
 And self-conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw ;
 He wha could brawly ward their blellum—
 Willie 's awa' !

Up wimpling stately Tweed I 've sped,
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw ;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled—
 Willie 's awa' !

May I be slander's common speech ;
 A text for infamy to preach ;
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach
 In winter snaw,
 When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
 Though far awa' !

* 'Greenfield : ' a Professor of Rhetoric, who fled Edinburgh owing to a dire fama, and was said long after this to be the author of the Waverley Novels !

May never wicked fortune touzle him !
 May never wicked men bamboozle him !
 Until a pow as auld 's Methusalem
 He canty claw !
 Then to the blessèd New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa' !

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ., MAUCHLINE

(RECOMMENDING A BOY)

MOSSGIEL, *May 3, 1786.*

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,*
 Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
 Was here to hire yon lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 And wad hae don 't aff han' :
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld crummie's nicks
 And tellin' lies about them ;
 As lieve, then, I 'd have, then,
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be, ye may be,
 Not fitted otherwhere.

Although I say 't, he 's gleg enough,
 And, 'bout a house that 's rude and rough,
 The boy might learn to swear ;
 But then wi' you he 'll be sae taught,
 And get sic fair example straught,
 I have nae ony fear.
 Ye 'll catechise him every quirk,
 And shore him weel wi' hell ;
 And gar him follow to the kirk—
 Aye when ye gang yoursel'.
 If ye, then, maun be, then,
 Frae hame this comin' Friday ;
 Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,
 The orders wi' your lady.

* ' Master Tootie : ' then lived in Mauchline ; a dealer in cows. It was his practice often to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
 To meet the world's worm ;
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 And name the airles and the fee,
 In legal mode and form :
 I ken he weel a sneck can draw,
 When simple bodies let him ;
 And if a Devil be at a',
 In faith he 's sure to get him.
 To phrase you, and praise you,
 Ye ken your Laureate scorns ;
 The prayer still, you share still,
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

TO MR. M'ADAM, OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING LETTER HE SENT IN THE
 COMMENCEMENT OF MY POETIC CAREER

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
 I trow it made me proud ;
 ' See wha taks notice o' the bard ! '
 I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
 The senseless, gawky million ;
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a',
 I'm roosed by Craigen-Gillan !

'Twas noble, sir ; 'twas like yoursel',
 To grant your high protection :
 A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,
 Is aye a blest infection ;—

Though, by his banes * wha in a tub
 Match'd Macedonian Sandy !
 On my ain legs through dirt and dub,
 I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to gude warm kail,
 Wi' welcome canna bear me ;
 A lee dyke-side, a syboe-tail,
 And barley-scone, shall cheer me.

* ' His banes : ' Diogenes.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O' mony flowery simmers ;
 And bless your bonnie lasses baith—
 I'm tald they're lo'esome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
 The blossom of our gentry!
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,
 A credit to his country!

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER

ELLISLAND, *Monday Evening.*

Your news and review, sir, I've read through and through,
 sir,
 With little admiring or blaming :
 The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
 No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
 Are judges of mortar and stone, sir ;
 But of meet or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
 I'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
 Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet ;
 Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
 And then all the world, sir, should know it!

TO TERRAUGHTY,* ON HIS BIRTHDAY

HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran chief!
 Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief :
 Inspired, I turn'd Fate's Sibyl leaf
 This natal morn,
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Scarce quite half worn.

* 'To Terraughty : Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, near Dumfries.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure!

But for thy friends, and they are many,
Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld Birkie ! Lord be near ye,
And then the deil he daurna steer ye :
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye ;
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me !

TO A LADY *

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses ;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses !

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind ;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
‘ The whole of human kind ! ’

‘ To those who love us ! ’—second fill ;
But not to those whom we love ;
Lest we love those who love not us !
A third—‘ To thee and me, love ! ’

* 'Lady : ' Mrs. M'Lehose.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT

In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the Tragic Muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy forsooth ; but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my farther progress. In those days I never wrote down any thing ; so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The following, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villanies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself :—*B.*

' ALL devil as I am, a damnèd wretch,
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ;
And with sincere though unavailing sighs
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity :
Ye poor, despised, abandon'd vagabonds,
Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
Oh, but for kind, though ill-requited friends,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you !'

THE VOWELS

A TALE

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride ;
Where Ignorance her dark'ning vapour throws,
And Cruelty directs the thick'ning blows ;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the Great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah ! deform'd, dishonest to the sight !
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *Ai !*

Reluctant, *E* stalk'd in : with piteous race
 The jostling tears ran down his honest face !
 That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
 Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne !
 The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound ;
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound ;
 And next the title following close behind
 He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd Gothic dome resounded, *Y* !
 In sullen vengeance, *I* disdain'd reply :
 The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
 And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground !

In rueful apprehension enter'd *O*,
 The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ;
 Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
 Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art ;
 So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering *U*,
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew !

As trembling *U* stood staring all aghast,
 The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
 In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
 Baptized him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

SKETCH [W. CREECH]

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight :
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.
 A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
 Learn'd *Vive la bagatelle, et Vive l'amour* ;
 So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood ;
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood :
 His solid sense by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

AN EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION ON BEING
APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och, hon ! the day !
That clarty barm should stain my laurels ;
But—what 'll ye say ?
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans,
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes !

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born !
But, oh, prodigious to reflec',
A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck !
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place !
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us !
In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead ;
The tulzie's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks ;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil ;
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden !

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
And cry till ye be hearse and roopit ;
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear and meal ;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck !

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e'en,
For some o' you hae tint a frien' ;
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en,
What ye 'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowte and sheep
How dowff and dowie now they creep ;
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou 's but a bairn,
 And no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzled, hap-shackled Regent,
 But, like himsel', a full free agent,
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man !
 As meikle better as you can.

January 1, 1789

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

A CANTATA *

RECITATIVO

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
 Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast ;
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch dress'd ;
 Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Poesie Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang ;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order ;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm—
 She blinket on her sodger ;
 And aye he gies the touzie drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab,
 Just like an a'mous dish ;
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whip,
 Then staggering and swaggering
 He roar'd this ditty up—

* This Cantata was written in 1785 ; but not published till after the death of the poet.

AIR

TUNE—' *Soldier's Joy* '

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars;
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, etc.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breathed his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;*
 I servèd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid † at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries,‡
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to lead me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

And now though I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
 As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.

What though with hoary locks I must stand the winter
 shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.

RECITATIVO

He ended; and the kebars sheuk;
 Aboon the chorus roar;
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore;
 A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
 He skirl'd out 'Encore!'
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

* 'The heights of Abram:' the battle-field near Quebec, where General Wolfe fell in the arms of victory, 1759.

† 'The Moro low was laid:' the capture of Havanah, the capital of the island of Cuba, by the British, in 1762, is here alluded to.

‡ 'I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries:' referring to the destruction of the Spanish floating batteries by Captain Curtis, during the famous siege of Gibraltar, 1782.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were so busy.
At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face :
Then turn'd, and laid a smack on Grizzly,
Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR

TUNE—' *Auld Sir Symon* '

Sir Wisdom 's a fool when he 's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;
He 's there but a prentice, I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa' to the school ;
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I would venture my neck,
A hizzie 's the half o' my craft :
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that 's avowedly daft ?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing ;
I ance was abused i' the kirk,
For touzling a lass i' my daffin'.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer ;
There 's even, I 'm tauld, i' the court,
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye yon reverend lad
Maks faces to tickle the mob ?
He rails at our mountebank squad—
It 's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I 'll tell,
For faith I 'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that 's a fool for himsel',
Gude Lord ! he 's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hookit,
And had in mony a well been duckit.

Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie !
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman :—

AIR

TUNE—' *Oh an' ye were 'dead, Gudeman* '

A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lawlan' laws he held in scorn ;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman !
 Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman !
 There 's not a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman !

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
 And gude claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And lived like lords and ladies gay :
 For a Lawlan' face he fearèd none,
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheek the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

But, oh ! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast ;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They 've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return :
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.

RECITATIVO

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
 Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
 Her strappin' limb and gaucy middle,
 (He reach'd nae higher,)
 Had holed his heartie like a riddle,
 And blawn 't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
 Then in an arioso key,
 The wee Apollo
 Set off wi' Allegretto glee
 His giga solo.

AIR

TUNE—' *Whistle owre the lave o't* '

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 And go wi' me and be my dear,
 And then your every care and fear
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS

I am a fiddler to my trade,
 And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
 And oh! sae nicely 's we will fare;
 We'll bouse about till Daddy Care
 Sings whistle owre the lave o't.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
 And sun oursel's about the dyke,
 And at our leisure, when ye like,
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

RECITATIVO

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
 As weel as poor gut-scraper ;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a rusty rapier.
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he would from that time forth,
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor Tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
 And sae the quarrel ended.
 But though his little heart did grieve,
 When round the tinkler press'd her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the caird address'd her :—

AIR

TUNE—' *Clout the caudron* '

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station ;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground,
 In this my occupation :
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron :
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the caudron.
 I've ta'en the gold, etc.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron.
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Kilbaigie,*
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.

* ' Kilbaigie : ' a peculiar sort of whisky, so called from Kilbaigie distillery in Clackmannanshire, and a great favourite with Poesie Nansie's clubs.—B.

RECITATIVO

The caird prevail'd—the unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 And partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That show'd a man of spunk,
 Wish'd unison between the pair,
 And made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
 Behint the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,*
 Though limping with the spavie,
 He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
 And shored them Dantie Davie
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade,
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had no wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;
 He hated naught but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR

TUNE—' *For a' that, and a' that* '

I am a bard of no regard
 Wi' gentle folks, and a' that ;
 But Homer-like, the glowran' byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

* 'Homer's craft : ' Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.—B.

CHORUS

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that ;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife eneugh for a' that.

I never drank the Muse's stank,
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love and a' that ;
 But for how lang the flee may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that :
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex !
 I like the jauds for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that ;
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till 't for a' that.

RECITATIVO

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder o' applause,
 Re-echoed from each mouth ;
 They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowin' drouth.

Then owre again the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best :
 He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR

TUNE—' *Jolly mortals, fill your glasses* '

See ! the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring !
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS

A fig for those by law protected !
Liberty 's a glorious feast !
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title ? what is treasure ?
What is reputation's care ?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where !

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day ;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

Does the train-attended carriage
Through the country lighter rove ?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love ?

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes :
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.

Here 's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
Here 's to all the wandering train !
Here 's our ragged brats and callets !
One and all cry out—Amen !

WILLIE CHALMERS

Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan,
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin' ;

Whiles owre a bush, wi' downward crush,
The doited beastie stammers ;
Then up he gets, and off he sets,
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubtna, lass, that weel-kenn'd name,
May cost a pair o' blushes ;
I am nae stranger to your fame,
Nor his warm-urgèd wishes.
Your bonnie face, sae mild and sweet,
His honest heart enamours,
And, faith, ye 'll no be lost a whit,
Though wair'd on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye 're fair,
And Honour safely back her,
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak her :
And sic twa love-inspiring e'en
Might fire even holy palmers ;
Nae wonder, then, they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubtna fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie :
But oh ! what signifies to you,
His lexicons and grammars ;
The feeling heart 's the royal blue,
And that 's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowrin', country laird,
May warsle for your favour ;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
And hoast up some palaver.
My bonnie maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom,
Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues,
For deil a hair I roose him.

May powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your amours,
 And every year comes in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers ! *

VERSES TO J. RANKINE †

Æ day, as Death, that gruesome carle,
 Was driving to the tither warl'
 A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
 And mony a guilt-bespotted lad ;
 Black gowns of each denomination,
 And thieves of every rank and station,
 From him that wears the star and garter,
 To him that wintles in a halter :
 Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
 He mutters, glow'rin' at the bitches,
 ' By heavens, I 'll not be seen behint them,
 Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
 Without at least æ honest man
 To grace this damn'd infernal clan.'
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,
 ' My stars ! ' quoth he, ' I have it now ;
 There's just the man I want, i' faith,'
 And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV. DR. BLAIR'S VERY LOOKS

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
 I must and will deny :
 They say their master is a knave—
 And sure they do not lie.

* ' Willie Chalmers : ' this was written by Burns for a friend of his, a lawyer in Ayr.

† ' J. Rankine : ' the person to whom a former epistle was addressed, while Rankine occupied the farm of Adamhill, in Ayrshire.

PROLOGUE

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT-NIGHT; DUMFRIES

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
 How this new play and that new sang is comin' ?
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
 Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported ?
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame ?
 For comedy abroad he needna toil,
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil ;
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece ;
 There 's themes enough in Caledonian story,
 Would show the tragic Muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell ?
 Where are the Muses fled, that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ;
 How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord ;
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?
 Oh, for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen !
 Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman ;
 A woman—though the phrase may seem uncivil—
 As able and as cruel as the Devil !
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglasses were heroes every age :
 And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife,
 Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand ;
 Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them :
 And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
 Wink hard, and say the folks hae done their best !

Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
 Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And warsle Time, and lay him on his back !

For us, and for our stage, should ony spier,
 'Whase aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here ?'
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
 We have the honour to belong to you !
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
 But, like good mithers, shore before ye strike.
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
 We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks ;
 God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY

A NEW BALLAD

TUNE—' *The Dragon of Wantley* '

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry ;
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous, hapless Mary :
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal * and Bob † for the famous job—
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd ;
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment tenth remember'd.
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And wan his heart's desire ;
 Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the Devil p— in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy ;

* ' Hal : ' the Hon. Henry Erskine.

† ' Bob : ' Robert Blair of Avenon.

So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d' ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
 Bob's purblind mental vision :
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear he has the Angel met
 That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
 Ye heretic Eight-and-thirty,
 But accept, ye sublime majority,
 My congratulations hearty.
 With your Honours and a certain King
 In your servants this is striking,
 The more incapacity they bring,
 The more they 're to your liking.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION

TUNE—' *Killiecrankie* '

LORD ADVOCATE

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hinted,
 Till in a declamation-mist,
 His argument he tint it :
 He gapèd for 't, he graipèd for 't,
 He fand it was awa', man ;
 But what his common sense came short,
 He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood a wee,
 Then open'd out his arm, man :
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
 And eyed the gathering storm, man ;
 Like wind-driven hail, it did assail,
 Or torrents owre a linn, man ;
 The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER

A PARODY, ON 'ROBIN ADAIR'

You 're welcome to despots, Dumourier ;
 You 're welcome to despots, Dumourier.
 How does Dampiere do ?
 Ay, and Bournonville too ?
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you,
 I will take my chance with you ;
 By my soul, I 'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about,
 Till freedom's spark is out,
 Then we 'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

ELECTION BALLADS

BALLAD I—THE FIVE CARLINES

THERE were five carlines in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 To bring them tidings hame.,

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
 But do their errands there,
 And aiblins gowd and honour baith
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,*
 A dame wi' pride enough,
 And Marjory o' the Mony Lochs,†
 A carline auld and tough.

* 'Nith : ' Dumfries.

† 'Mony Lochs : ' Lochmaben.

And Blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,*
 That dwelt near Solwayside,
 And Whisky Jean, that took her gill,
 In Galloway † sae wide.

And Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,‡
 O' gipsy kith and kin—
 Five wighter carlines werna foun'
 The south countrie within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 They met upon a day,
 And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
 Their errand fain would gae.

Oh, mony a knight and mony a laird,
 This errand fain wad gae ;
 But nae ane could their fancy please,
 Oh, ne'er a ane but twae.

The first he was a belted knight,§
 Bred o' a Border clan,
 And he would gae to Lon'on town,
 Might nae man him withstan'.

And he wad do their errands well,
 And meikle he wad say,
 And ilka ane at Lon'on court,
 Would bid to him guid-day.

Then next came in a sodger youth,||
 And spak wi' modest grace,
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
 Nor meikle speech pretend,
 But he wad hecht an honest heart,
 Wad ne'er desert a friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
 At strife thir carlines fell ;
 For some had gentle folks to please,
 And some would please themsel'.

* ' Annandale ; ' Annan.

† ' Galloway : ' Kirkcudbright.

‡ ' Crichton Peel : ' Sanquhar.

§ ' Belted knight : ' Sir J. Johnstone.

|| ' Sodger youth : ' Major Miller.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court *
She didna care a pin ;
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.†

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she 's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border Knight,
Though she should vote her lane.

For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are faih ;
But I hae tried the Border Knight,
And I 'll try him yet again.

Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
A carline stoor and grim,
The auld guidman, and the young guidman,
For me may sink or swim ;

For fools will freit o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn.

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
His back 's been at the wa' ;

And mony a friend that kiss'd his cup,
Is now a fremit wight :
But it 's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean—
I 'll send the Border Knight.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots bluid was true :

* ' Lon'on court : ' George III.

† ' Eldest son : ' the Prince of Wales.

There's some great folks set light by me—
 I set as light by them ;
 But I will sen' to Lon'on town
 Wham I like best at hame.

Sae how this weighty plea may end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell :
 God grant the King and ilka man
 May look weel to himsel'.

BALLAD II—WRITTEN IN 1795

TUNE—*' For a' that, and a' that '*

WHOM will ye send to London town,
 To parliament and a' that ?
 Or whom in a' the country roun'
 The best deserves to fa' that ?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Through Galloway, and a' that ;
 Where is the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that ?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett ?
 And wha is 't never saw that ?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met,
 And has a doubt of a' that ?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth, in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that ;
 Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk ?
 And is 't against the law that ?
 For why, a lord may be a gouk,
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 A lord may be a lousy loon,
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that ;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 A man we ken, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 For we're not to be bought or sold,
 Like naigs and nowte, and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 A House o' Commons such as he,
 They wad be blest that saw that.

BALLAD III—THE ELECTION

TUNE—' *Fy, let's a' to the Bridal* '

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickerin' there ;
 For Murray's light horse are to muster,
 And, oh, how the heroes will swear !
 And there will be Murray commander,
 And Gordon the battle to win ;
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance are kin.

And there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,
 The tongue o' the trump to them a' ;
 An he getna hell for his troddin',
 The deil gets nae justice ava.
 And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane ;
 But as to his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let this subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
 Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped ;
 She 's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
 But what has become o' the head ?
 And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,
 A wight that will weather damnation—
 The devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,
 New christening townis far and near,
 Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissin' the arse of a peer.
 And there will be Kenmure sae generous !
 Whase honour is proof to the storm ;
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
 The body, e'en let him escape ;
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
 And where is our king's lord-lieutenant,
 Sae famed for his gratefu' return ?
 The billie is gettin' his questions,
 To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.

And there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead,* wha 's as gude as he 's true ;
 And there will be Buittle's apostle,
 Wha 's mair o' the black than the blue ;
 And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
 A house of great merit and note ;
 The deil ane but honours them highly—
 The deil ane will give them his vote.

And there will be wealthy young Richard—
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck
 For prodigal, thoughtless bestowing—
 His merit had won him respect.
 And there will be rich brother nabobs,
 Though nabobs, yet men o' the first ;
 And there will be Colliston's whiskers,
 And Quentin, o' lads not the worst.

* ' Muirhead : ' of Urr—see ' Life.'

And there will be Stamp-office Johnnie,
 Tak tent how ye purchase a dram ;
 And there will be gay Cassencarie,
 And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.
 And there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
 Wha's honour was ever his law ;
 If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'.

And can we forget the auld Major,
 Wha 'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys ?
 Our flattery we 'll keep for some ither,
 Him it 's only justice to praise.
 And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
 And also Barskimming's gude knight ;
 And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
 Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

And there frae the Niddesdale border,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,
 Tough Johnnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,
 That granes for the fishes and loaves.
 And there will be Logan M'Dowall ;
 Sculdudd'ry and he will be there :
 And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin' gunpowder Blair.

Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,
 And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring ;
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould made him a king.
 And hey for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stored ;
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,
 But gied his auld naig to the Lord.

BALLAD IV—AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

TUNE—' *Buy Broom Besoms* '

WHA will buy my troggin,*
 Gude election ware ;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.

* ' Troggin : ' a name for pedlars' wares.

CHORUS

Buy braw troggin,
Frae the banks o' Dee ;
Wha wants troggin,
Let him come to me.

Here 's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—
It 's thought the goods were stown.

Here 's the worth o' Broughton,
In a needle's e'e :
Here 's a reputation,
Tint by Balmaghie.

Here 's an honest conscience,
Might a prince adorn,
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
So was never worn.

Here 's the stuff and lining
O' Cardoness' head ;
Fine for a sodger,
A' the wale o' lead.

Here 's a little wadset,
Buittle's scrap o' truth ;
Pawn'd in a gin-shop,
Quenching holy drouth.

Here 's armorial bearings,
Frae the manse o' Urr ;
The crest an auld crab-apple,
Rotten at the core.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle,
Sprawlin' like a taed.

Here 's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast ;
By a thievish midge
They had amaist been lost.

Here is Murray's fragments
 O' the Ten Commands ;
 Gifted by black Jock,
 To get them aff his hands.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin ?
 If to buy ye 're slack,
 Hornie's turnin' chapman—
 He 'll buy a' the pack.

BALLAD V—JOHN BUSHBY'S * LAMENTATION

TUNE—' *The Babes in the Wood* '

'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
 O' Christ, and ninety-five,
 That year I was the wae'est man
 O' ony man alive.

In March, the three-and-twentieth day,
 The sun rose clear and bright ;
 But oh, I was a waefu' man
 Ere toofa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
 Wi' equal right and fame,
 And thereto was his kinsman join'd
 The Murray's noble name !

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land
 Made me the judge o' strife ;
 But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,
 And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonnie Dee,
 Beside Kirkcudbright towers,
 The Stewart and the Murray there,
 Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, and the auld gray yaud,
 Wi' winged spurs did ride,
 That auld gray yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,
 He staw upon Nidside.

' Bushby : ' John Bushby, Esq., of Tinwald-downs.

An there had been the Yerl himsel',
Oh, there had been nae play ;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine ;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenkens came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmore we had need.

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done ;
Sae, in a tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushbys a' ;
My gamesome billie Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set naught to their score :
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail-yards.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack ;
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black ?

EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR

THOMAS WALKER, OCHILTREE, TO ROBERT BURNS

WHAT waefu' news is this I hear ?
Frae greeting I can scarce forbear,
Folk tells me, ye 're gaun aff this year,
 Out owre the sea,
And lasses wham ye lo'e sae dear
 Will greet for thee.

Weel wad I like were ye to stay
But, Robin, since ye will away,
I hae a word yet mair to say,
 And maybe twa ;
May He protect us night and day,
 That made us a' !

Whare thou art gaun, keep mind frae me,
Seek Him to bear thee companie,
And, Robin, whan ye come to die,
 Ye 'll win aboon,
And live at peace and unity
 Ayont the moon.

Some tell me, Rab, ye dinna fear
To get a wean, and curse and swear ;
I 'm unco wae, my lad, to hear
 O' sic a trade,
Could I persuade you to forbear,
 I wad be glad.

Fu' weel ye ken ye 'll gang to hell,
Gin ye persist in doin' ill—
Waes me ! ye 're hurlin' down the hill
 Withouten dread,
And ye 'll get leave to swear your fill
 After ye 're dead.

There, walth o' women ye 'll get near,
But gettin' weans ye will forbear,
Ye 'll never say, My bonnie dear,
 Come, gie 's a kiss—
Nae kissing there—ye 'll girn and sneer,
 And ither hiss.

King David, o' poetic brief,
 Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief,
 As fill'd his after life wi' grief
 And bloody rants,
 And yet he 's rank'd amang the chief
 O' langsyne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, and drucken rants,
 I'll gie 'auld cloven Clooty's haunts
 An unco slip yet,
 And snugly sit amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
 Gae fa' upon anither plan,
 Than garrin' lasses coup the cran
 Clean heels-owre-gowdy,
 And fairly thole their mither's ban,
 Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport
 How I did wi' the Session sort—
 Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port
 Cried three times, 'Robin!
 Come hither lad, and answer for 't,
 Ye 're blamed for jobbin'.'

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 And snooved awa' before the Session—
 I made an open fair confession,
 I scorn'd to lie;
 And syne Mess John, beyond expression,
 Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
 And said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me;
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me;
 'But what the matter?'
 Quo' I, 'I fear, unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better.'

'Geld you!' quo' he, 'and what for no?
 If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
 Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
 You should remember
 To cut it aff, and what for no
 Your dearest member?'

' Na, na,' quo' I, ' I'm no for that,
 Gelding's nae better than it's ca't,
 I'd rather suffer for my faut,
 A hearty flewit,
 As fair owre hip as ye can draw 't,
 Though I should rue it.

' Or gin ye like to end the bother,
 To please us a', I've just ae ither;
 When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
 Whate'er betide it,
 I'll frankly gi'e her 't a' thegither,
 And let her guide it.'

But, sir, this pleased them warst ava,
 And therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said, ' Gude-night,' and cam awa',
 And left the Session;
 I saw they were resolvèd a'
 On my oppression.

LIBERTY

A FRAGMENT

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Immingled with the mighty dead!
 Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
 Disturb not yet the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.
 Is this the power in freedom's war,
 That wont to bid the battle rage?
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
 One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX *

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair;
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair, shall fear him;
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care
 E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash'd him,
 Except the moment that they crush'd him;
 For soon as chance or fate had hush'd 'em,
 Though e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em,
 And thought it sport.

Though he was born to kintra wark,
 And counted was baith wight and stark,
 Yet that was never Robin's mark
 To mak a man;
 But tell him he was learn'd and clark,
 Ye roosed him then!

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER †

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
 Where words ne'er cross'd the Muse's heckles,
 Nor limpet in poetic shackles;
 A land that Prose did never view it,
 Except when drunk he stacher't through it;
 Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhuskèd by a fog infernal:
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters;

* 'Ruisseaux:' a play upon his own name.

† This epistle, written at Ellisland, and dated June 1788, is addressed to Mr. Hugh Parker, merchant, Kilmarnock, one of Burns' earliest friends and patrons.

For life and spunk like ither Christians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence—
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae kent face but Jenny Geddes.
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride !
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
 And aye a westlin' leuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose !
 Was it for this, wi' canny care,
 Thou bure the Bard through mony a shire ?
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled ?
 Oh, had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
 To canter with the Sagitarre,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar ;
 Or turn the pole like any arrow ;
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face ;
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And naught but peat-reek i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read ?
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune ;
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS

THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE *

TO ROBERT BURNS

February 1787.

My canty, witty, rhyming ploughman,
 I hafflins doubt it is na true, man,
 That ye between the stilts were bred,
 Wi' ploughmen school'd, wi' ploughmen fed ;
 I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge
 Either frae grammar-school or college.

* 'The guidwife of Wauchope house : ' was the late talented Mrs. Scott of Wauchope.

Guid troth, your saul and body baith
 Ware better fed, I'd gie my aith,
 Than theirs, wha sup sour-milk and parritch,
 And bummil through the Single Carritch.
 Wha ever heard the ploughman speak
 Could tell gif Homer was a Greek?
 He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
 As get a single line of Virgil.
 And then sae slee ye crack your jokes
 On Willie Pitt and Charlie Fox:
 Our great men a' sae weel describe,
 And how to gar the nation thrive,
 Ane maist wad swear ye dwalt amang them,
 And as ye saw them, sae ye sang them.
 But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,
 Ye are a funny blade, I swear:
 And though the cauld F ill can bide,
 Yet twenty miles, and mair, I'd ride,
 O'er moss, and muir, and never grumble,
 Though my auld yad should gie a stumble,
 To crack a winter night wi' thee,
 And hear thy sangs and sonnets slee.
 A guid saut herring and a cake,
 Wi' sic a chiel, a feast wad make;
 I'd rather scour your reaming yill,
 Or eat o' cheese and bread my fill,
 Than wi' dull lairds on turtle dine,
 And ferlie at their wit and wine.
 Oh, gif I kenn'd but where ye baide,
 I'd send to you a marlèd plaid;
 'Twad haud your shouthers warm and braw,
 And douse at kirk or market shaw;
 For south as weel as north, my lad,
 A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the *maud*.
 Right wae that we're sae far frae ither;
 Yet proud I am to ca' ye brither.

Your most obedient,

E. S.

TO THE GUIDWIFE O' WAUCHOPE HOUSE

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel, in early date,
 When I was beardless, young, and blate,
 And first could thresh the barn,
 Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh,
 And though forfoughten sair eneugh,
 Yet unco proud to learn ;
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing, and clearing
 The tither stooked raw,
 Wi' claivers and haivers,
 Wearing the day awa'.

Even then a wish—I mind its power—
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast—
 That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some usefu' plan, or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 And spared the symbol dear :
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise ;
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right and wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain :
 Till on that hairst I said before
 My partner in the merry core,
 She roused the forming strain ;
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky e'en,
 That gart my heart-strings tingle ;
 I firèd, inspirèd,
 At every kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I fearèd aye to speak.

Health to the sex ! ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 And we to share in common :
 The gust of joy, the balm of woe,
 The saul o' life, the heaven below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither ;
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye 're connected with her.
 Ye 're wae men, ye 're nae men,
 That slight the lovely dears ;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line :
 The marlèd plaid ye kindly spare,
 By me should gratefully be ware ;
 'Twad please me to the nine ;
 I 'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douse hingin' o'er my curple,
 Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Farewell then, lang heal then,
 And plenty be your fa' :
 May losses, and crosses,
 Ne'er at your hallan ca' !

March 1787

LAMENT

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO
 LEAVE SCOTLAND

TUNE—' *The Banks of the Devon* '

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
 Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
 What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave !

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
 Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore ;
 Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green
 vale,
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave ;
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
 For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
 I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ;
 Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT

MONDAY, *April 16, 1787*

WHEN by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
 That dearest meed is granted—honèst fame :
 When here your favour is the actor's lot,
 Nor even the man in private life forgot ;
 What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
 But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe !

Poor is the task to please a barbarous throng,
 It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song ;
 But here an ancient nation famed afar,
 For genius, learning high, as great in war—
 Hail, CALEDONIA, name for ever dear !
 Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear !
 Where every science—every nobler art—
 That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
 Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found
 Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
 Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
 Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam ;
 Here History paints with elegance and force,
 The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ;
 Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
 And Harley * rouses all the God in man,
 When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
 Can only charm us in the second place,)

* 'Harley : ' ' The Man of Feeling,' wrote by Mr. Mackenzie.—B.

O thou dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land !
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire !
May every son be worthy of his sire !
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain !
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

THOU 's welcome, wean ! mishanter fa' me,
If aught of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta, or daddy.

Wee image of my bonnie Betty,
I fatherly will kiss and daut thee,
As dear and near my heart I set thee
Wi' as gude will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' hell.

What though they ca' me fornicator,
And tease my name in kintra clatter:

* The subject of these verses was the poet's illegitimate daughter, whom in 'The Inventory' he styles his

"Sonsy, smirking, dear-bought Bess."

She was married to Mr. John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, near Whitburn, and is long dead.

The mair they talk I 'm kent the better,
 E'en let them clash ;
 An auld wife's tongue 's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the world asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at ;
 In my last plack thy part 's be in 't—
 The better half o' t.

And if thou be what I would hae thee,
 And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
 A lovin' father I 'll be to thee,
 If thou be spared :
 Through a' thy childish years I 'll e'e thee,
 And think 't weel wared.

Gude grant that thou may aye inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,
 And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit
 Without his failins ;
 'Twill please me mair to hear and see 't,
 Than stockit mailins.

LETTER TO JAMES TAIT, GLENCONNAR

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconnar ?
 How do you, this blae eastlin' win',
 That 's like to blaw a body blin' ?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'.
 I 've sent you here, by Johnnie Simpson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on ;
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 And Reid, to common sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
 And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
 Till, wi' their logic-jargon tired,
 And in the depth of Science mired,
 To Common Sense they now appeal,
 What wives and wabsters see and feel.
 But, hark ye, friend ! I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, and return them quickly,

For now I'm grown so cursèd douce,
I pray and ponder butt the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston ;
Till by and by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real gospel-groan :
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my e'en up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring and gasping in her gore :
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace and wale of honest men :
When bending down wi' auld gray hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
And views beyond the grave comfort him ;
His worthy family far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason billie,
And Auchenbay, I wish him joy !
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Mag the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither !
And not forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
And, Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, and a bannock ;
And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
And her kind stars hae airted till her
A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate and sister Janet ;
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious :
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.
And lastly Jamie, for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak a spell,
And steer you seven miles south o' hell :
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story.

Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink !

Now fare ye weel, and joy be wi' you ;
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simpson a' ye can,
Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man ;
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter.
Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD

OH, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever ;
For ever—oh no ! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the Day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh ! still I behold thee; all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath,
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm ye.

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
And sigh for this life's latest morrow.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF BREADALBANE,

President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last, at the Shakspeare, Covent-Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the Society were informed by Mr. M'Kenzie of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they are, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. Macdonell of Glengarry to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—Liberty!—B.

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors !
Lord, grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife !

Faith, you and Applecross were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight :
I doubtna, they would bid nae better
Than, let them ance out owre the water,
Then up amang thae lakes and seas
They 'll mak what rules and laws they please !
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a ranklin' ;
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them !
Till God knows what may be effected,
When by such heads and hearts directed ;
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire,
May to patrician rights aspire !
Nae sage North now, or sager Sackville,
To watch and premier owre the pack vile !
And where will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cowe the rebel generation,
And save the honour o' the nation ?

They ! and be damn'd ! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day ?
Far less to riches, power, or freedom,
But what your lordships please to gi'e them !
But hear, my lord ! Glengarry, hear !
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear :
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but *they* do gaylies ;

They lay aside a' tender mercies,
 And tirl the hallions to the birses ;
 Yet, while they 're only poind't and herriet,
 They 'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit :
 But *smash* them ! crash them a' to spails !
 And rot the dyvours i' the jails !
 The young dogs, swinge them to the labour ;
 Let wark and hunger mak them sober !
 The hizzies, if they 're oughtlins fawsont,
 Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd !
 And if the wives and dirty brats
 Come thiggin' at your doors and yetts,
 Flaflan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',
 Frightin' awa' your deucks and geese,
 Get out a horse-whip or a jowler,
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
 And gar the tatter'd gipsies pack
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back !

Go on, my lord ! I lang to meet you,
 And in my *house at hame* to greet you !
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle ;
 The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
 At my right hand assign'd your seat,
 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate—
 Or if ye on your station tarrow,
 Between Almagro and Pizarro ;
 A seat I 'm sure ye 're weel deservin't ;
 And till ye come—Your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB

June 1st, Anno Mundi 5790 [A.D. 1786]

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE LORD PRESIDENT *

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
 Shun the fierce storms among the shelt'ring rocks ;
 Down foam the riv'lets, red with dashing rains ;
 The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
 Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan,
 The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

* 'Lord President:' Dundas.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad, to your sympathetic glooms I fly,
Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed and swayed her rod ;
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men :
See, from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry ;

Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times :
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way ;
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :
Hark, injured Want recounts the unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Misery pours the unpitied wail !

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
Inspire and soothe my melancholy strains !
Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul ;
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign ;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine
To mourn the woes my country must endure,
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.*

WITH SOME BOOKS

OH, could I give thee India's wealth
 As I this trifle send !
 Because thy joy in both would be
 To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
 The Heliconian stream ;
 Then take what gold could never buy—
 An honest Bard's esteem.

PEG NICHOLSON †

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,
 As ever trod on airn ;
 But now she 's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And rode through thick and thin ;
 But now she 's floating down the Nith,
 And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And ance she bore a priest ;
 But now she 's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And the priest he rode her sair ;
 And much oppress'd and bruised she was,
 As priest-rid cattle are.

* ' John M'Murdo, Esq. : ' this gentleman was steward to the Duke of Queensberry.

† ' Peg Nicholson : ' a name derived from the maniac who attempted the life of George III., was the poet's mare, and the successor of Jenny Geddes ; she was either sold or lent to him by William Nicol.

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission ;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fall'n to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

THE TOAST

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine ;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name ;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON JESSY LEWARS' SICKNESS

SAY, sages, what 's the charm on earth
Can turn death's dart aside ?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS

BUT rarely seen since nature's birth
The natives of the sky ;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

A TOAST *

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
 Here 's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost ;
 That we lost, did I say ? nay, by heaven, that we found !
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
 The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing ;
 And here 's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution ;
 And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damn'd ;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

JESSY LEWARS

TALK not to me of savages
 From Afric's burning sun,
 No savage e'er could rend my heart
 As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But, Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
 A mutual faith to plight,
 Not even to view the heavenly choir
 Would be so blest a sight.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD
GALLOWAY

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair ?
 Flit, Galloway, and find
 Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
 The picture of thy mind !

* 'A toast : ' at a meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, held to commemorate the anniversary of Rodney's victory, April 12th, 1782, Burns was called upon for a song, instead of which he delivered the above lines extempore.

ON THE SAME

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave ;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway !
Through many a far-famed sire—
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

TO THE SAME

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS
RESENTMENT

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live :
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT
OF FERGUSON, THE POET,

IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED TO
YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 19, 1787

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure !
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE
INN AT CARRON

WE cam' na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise :

But whan we tirlèd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billie Satan sair us !

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF
A COPY OF HIS POEMS

PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART, THEN MARRIED

ONCE fondly loved, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere ;
Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSLIN

My blessings on you, sonsy wife ;
I ne'er was here before ;
You 've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.

Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore ;
And while I toddle on through life,
I 'll ne'er gang by your door.

ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN AT TABLE

WHO KEPT BOASTING OF THE COMPANY HE KEPT

WHAT of lords with whom you have supp'd,
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen !
A louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the locks of a queen.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF THE CELEBRATED
MISS BURNS *

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing ;
Lovely Burns has charms—confess !
True it is, she has one failing—
Had a woman ever less ?

LINES

WRITTEN ON A PEW IN THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON, IN
CLYDESDALE

A CAULD, cauld kirk, and in 't but few,
A caulder minister never spak :
His sermon made us a' turn blue,
But it 's be warm ere I come back.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief !
For lack o' thee I 've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided; through thy cursed restriction.

* The Miss Burns of these lines was more notorious than reputable in Edinburgh at the period when Burns first visited that city.

I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
 And for thy potence vainly wish'd
 To crush the villain in the dust.
 For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B., *Kyle*

TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN

INVITING HIM TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY
 MEETING

FRIDAY first 's the day appointed,
 By our Right Worshipful anointed,
 To hold our grand procession ;
 To get a blaud o' Johnnie's morals,
 And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,
 I' the way of our profession.
 Our Master and the Brotherhood
 Wad a' be glad to see you ;
 For me I would be mair than proud
 To share the mercies wi' you.
 If death then, wi' scaith then,
 Some mortal heart is hechtin',
 Inform him, and storm * him,
 That Saturday ye 'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
 Give me with gay Folly to live ;
 I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
 But Folly has raptures to give.

* ' Storm : ' that is, threaten him.

REPLY TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO ASKED IF HE WOULD NOT LIKE TO BE A SOLDIER

I MURDER hate, by field or flood,
Though glory's name may screen us;
In wars at home I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social peace and plenty;
I'm better pleased to make one more,
Than be the death o' twenty.

THE CREED OF POVERTY

In politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD HAD MADE
MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE AND MRS. — SO
LARGE

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE INN AT MOFFAT

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS

ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A
NAVAL VICTORY

YE hypocrites! are these your pranks,
To murder men, and gie God thanks?
For shame! gie o'er, proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murther!

LINES ON STIRLING

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN WINGATE'S INN THERE

HERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
 And laws for Scotia's weel ordain'd ;
 But now unroof'd their palace stands,
 Their sceptre's sway'd by foreign hands.
 The Stuarts' native race is gone !
 A race outlandish fills their throne—
 An idiot race, to honour lost :
 Who know them best, despise them most.

Burns, who was then a zealous Jacobite, being reproved by a friend for the above lines, replied, " I shall reprove myself ;" and immediately wrote the following lines on the same pane :—

THE REPROOF

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
 Shall no longer appear in the records of fame ;
 Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
 Says the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel ?

REPLY TO A CLERGYMAN

WHO WROTE A POETICAL PHILIPPIC AGAINST THE
 FOREGOING LINES ON STIRLING

LIKE Æsop's lion, Burns says, ' Sore I feel
 All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.'

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN,
 DUMFRIES

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
 'Gainst poor excisemen ? give the cause a hearing ;
 What are your landlords' rent-rolls ?—taxing ledgers ;
 What premiers ? what even monarchs ?—mighty gaugers ;
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming-godly wisemen,
 What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen ?

LINES WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO
 MRS. KEMBLE

ON SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO,
 DUMFRIES THEATRE, 1794

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
 Of Moses and his rod ;
 At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
 The rock with tears had flow'd.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven ! that I may live
 To see the miscreants feel the pains they give ;
 Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
 Till slave and despot be but things which were.

LINES WRITTEN BY BURNS WHILE ON HIS
 DEATH-BED

TO JOHN RANKINE, AYRSHIRE, AND FORWARDED TO
 HIM IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE POET'S DEATH

HE who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,
 And a green grassy hillock hides his head ;
 Alas ! alas ! an awful change indeed !

THE BOOK-WORMS

THROUGH and through the inspired leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings ;
 But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
 And spare his golden bindings !

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

THE Solemn League and Covenant
 Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears ;
 But it seal'd Freedom's sacred cause—
 If thou 'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES *

YE true ' Loyal Natives,' attend to my song ;
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
 From envy and hatred your corps is exempt ;
 But where is your shield from the darts of contempt ?

VERSES ADDRESSED TO J. RANKINE

ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET THAT A GIRL IN THAT PART
 OF THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM

I AM a keeper of the law
 In some sma' points, although not a' ;
 Some people tell me gin I fa',
 Ae way or ither,
 The breaking of ae point, though sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for 't ance or twice,
 And winna say o'er far for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest,
 But now a rumour's like to rise,
 A whaup's i' the nest.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

To Riddel, much lamented man,
 This ivied cot was dear ;
 Reader, dost value matchless worth ?
 This ivied cot revere.

* ' Loyal Natives : ' a club in Dumfries, one of whose members sent an abusive epigram to Burns, who replied in the above impromptu.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET

BELONGING TO MR. SYME

THERE 's death in the cup—sae beware !
 Nay, more—there is danger in touching ;
 But wha can avoid the fell snare ?
 The man and his wine 's sae bewitching !

EPIGRAMS

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he come to wait upon
 The Lord their God, his Grace.

There 's naething here but Highland pride,
 And Highland scab and hunger ;
 If Providence has sent me here,
 'Twas surely in his anger.*

ON ANDREW TURNER

In se'enteen hundred forty-nine
 Satan took stuff to make a swine,
 And cuist it in a corner ;
 But wilily he changed his plan,
 And shaped it something like a man,
 And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE

O Death, hadst thou but spared his life
 Whom we this day lament !
 We freely wad exchanged the wife,
 And a' been weel content.

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
 The swap we yet will do 't ;
 Tak thou the carlin's carcase aff,
 Thou 'se get the saul to boot.

* This was written at Inverary, on an imaginary slight at the inn, by the indignant poet.

ANOTHER

One Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
 When deprived of her husband she lovèd so well,
 In respect for the love and affection he 'd show'd her,
 She reduced him to dust, and she drank off the powder.

But Queen Netherplâce, of a diff'rent complexion,
 When call'd on to order the funeral direction,
 Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
 Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE, THE CELEBRATED
 ANTIQUARIAN

The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
 So whip ! at the summons old Satan came flying ;
 But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
 Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan, ' By God,
 I 'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load ! '

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS

O thou whom Poetry abhors,
 Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors !
 Heardst thou that groan—proceed no further,
 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR

Oh, had each Scot of ancient times,
 Been Jeanie Scott, as thou art ;
 The bravest heart on English ground,
 Had yielded like a coward.

EPITAPHS

ON MR. W. CRUICKSHANKS

HONEST Will 's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him ;
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE

Lament him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye ;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass,
To school in bands thegither,
Oh, tread ye lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE

Here lies Johnnie Pigeon ;
What was his religion,
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnnie Pigeon had nane.

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori* ;
But a full flowing bowl,
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that 's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled—
The devil ruled the woman.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER IN CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE

Here lie Willie Michie's banes,
 O Satan ! when ye tak him,
 Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans ;
 For clever deils he 'll mak 'em !

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS, WHO DESIRED
 BURNS TO WRITE AN EPITAPH FOR HIM

Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were sham'd ;
 If ever he rise, it will be to be damned.

ON WALTER S——

Sic a reptile was Watt,
 Sic a miscreant slave,
 That e'en the worms damn'd him
 When laid in his grave.

' In his flesh there 's a famine,'
 A starved reptile cries ;
 ' And his heart is rank poison,'
 Another replies.

ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER, DUMFRIES

Here lies John Bushby, honest man !
 Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

ON WILLIAM NICOL

Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
 For few sic feasts you 've gotten ;
 You 've got a prize o' Willie's heart,
 For deil a bit o' t 's rotten.

ON GRIZEL GRIM

Here lies with Death auld Grizel Grim,
 Lincluden's ugly witch ;
 O Death ! how horrid is thy taste
 To lie with such a bitch !

ON W—— ———

Stop thief ! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath ;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again ?

ON THE SAME

Rest gently, turf, upon his breast,
His chicken heart 's so tender ;
But rear huge castles on his head,
His skull will prop them under.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON, BREWER, DUMFRIES

Here Brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,
And empty all his barrels ;
He 's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink—
In upright, honest morals.

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom ;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation 's given—
She 's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms a rose in heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAPDOG NAMED ECHO

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore !
Now half extinct your powers of song—
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys !
Now half your din of tuneless song
With Echo silent lies.

ON SIR DAVID MAXWELL OF CARDONESS

- Bless the Redeemer, Cardoness,
 With grateful lifted eyes,
 Who said that not the soul alone,
 But body too, must rise ;
 For had he said, ' The soul alone
 From death I will deliver : '
 Alas, alas, O Cardoness !
 Then thou hadst slept for ever !

ON A SUICIDE

Earth'd up here lies an imp o' hell,
 Planted by Satan's dibble—
 Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel',
 To save the Lord the trouble.

THE TITHER MORN

TO A HIGHLAND AIR

THE tither morn,
 When I, forlorn,
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow,
 I'd see my jo
 Beside me gin the gloaming.
 But he sae trig,
 Lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck,
 Did least expec'
 To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me ;
 And I, I wat,
 Wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me.
 Deil tak the war !
 I late and air,
 Hae wish'd since Jock departed ;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When' a' were blithe and merry,
 I cared na by,
 Sae sad was I,
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest,
 My mind 's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnnie ;
 At kirk and fair,
 I'se aye be there,
 And be as canty 's ony.

OH, SAW YE MY DEARIE ?

TUNE—' *Eppie Macnab* '

OH, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 She 's down in the yard, she 's kissin' the laird,
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
 Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !
 Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
 Thou 's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 She lets thee to wot, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
 As light as the air, and fause as thou 's fair,
 Thou 's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART

TUNE—' *Ye're welcome, Charley Stewart* '

O LOVELY Polly Stewart !
 O charming Polly Stewart !
 There 's not a flower that blooms in May
 That 's half so fair as thou art.

The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it ;
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will give to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms
 Possess a leal and true heart ;
 To him be given to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart !
 O lovely Polly Stewart !
 O charming Polly Stewart !
 There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That 's half so sweet as thou art.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE *

TUNE—' *If thou 'lt play me fair play* '

' THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 His loyal heart was firm and true,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.'

' Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie ;
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonnie Lowland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonnie Lowland lassie.'

' The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Go ! for yourself procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 And for your lawful king, his crown,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.'

* This song partly old.

LOVELY DAVIES *

TUNE—' *Miss Muir* '

OH, how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration ?
Even they maun dare an effort mair,
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is,
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile 's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That makes us mair than princes ;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances :
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is ;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrenders ;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendours :
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is ;
I 'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

* 'Lovely Davies : ' a young lady from Pembrokeshire, whom Burns met at the Riddel's—very pretty, witty, and wee. Her fate was unhappy.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the Border,
 And they 'll gae bigg Terreagles towers,
 And set them a' in order.
 And they declare Terreagles fair,
 For their abode they choose it ;
 There 's nae a heart in a' the land,
 But 's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather ;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather :
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow ;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow !

AS I WAS A-WANDERING

TUNE—' *Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh* '

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making their game ;
 Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he last left me, may pleasure gae wi' him ;
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleepin' till dawin' for greetin',
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain ;
 Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
 For, oh ! love forsaken 's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I didna envy him the gains he can win :
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE *

TUNE—' *The Maid's Complaint* '

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find ;
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee :
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN

TUNE—' *Jacky Latin* '

' Oh, gat ye me, 'oh, gat ye me,
 Oh, gat ye me wi' naething ?
 Rock and reel and spinning-wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin.
 Bye attour, my gutcher has
 A heich house and a laigh aie,
 A' forbye my bonnie sel',
 The toss of Ecclefechan.'

' Oh, haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
 Oh, haud your tongue and jauner ;
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander :
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure ;
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.'

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE

TUNE—' *Lord Breadalbane's March* '

OH, merry hae I been teethin' a heckle,
 And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon ;
 Oh, merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,
 And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
 Oh, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 And a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
 A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
 And a' the lang night am as happy 's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave :
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,
 And blithe be the bird that sings on her grave.
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 And come to my arms and kiss me again !
 Drunken or sober, here 's to thee, Katie !
 And blest be the day I did it again.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE *

TUNE—' *Carron Side* '

FRAE the friends and land I love
 Driven by fortune's felly spite,
 Frae my best beloved I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight ;
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care ;
 When remembrance wracks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again ;
 And ilk loyal bonnie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

* This song is only in part that of Burns.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISH'D

TUNE—' *Awa', Whigs, awa'* '

CHORUS

Awa', Whigs, awa' !
Awa', Whigs, awa' !
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloom'd our roses ;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.

Our ancient crown 's fa'n in the dust—
De'il blin' them wi' the stour o't,
And write their name in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing ;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may seen him wauken ;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin !

WHERE HAE YE BEEN ?

TUNE—' *Killiecrankie* '

WHERE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
Where hae ye been sae brankie, O ?
Oh, where hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?
An ye had been where I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie, O !
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !

I fought at land, I fought at sea ;
 At hame I fought my auntie, O !
 But I met the devil and Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 And Clavers got a clankie, O !
 Or I had fed an Athole gled
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !

OH, GUDE ALE COMES *

Oh, gude ale comes and gude ale goes,
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
 I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
 They drew a' weel eneugh ;
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
 Oh, gude ale comes and gude ale goes,
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME

TUNE—'Aye waukin' O !'

SIMMER 's a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every colour ;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.
 Aye waukin', O !
 Waukin' still and wearie :
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

* An old song slightly amended.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 And I bleer my e'en wi' greetin'.
 Aye waukin', O!
 Waukin' still and wearie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME

TUNE—*'Jamie, come try me'*

CHORUS

JAMIE, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me;
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me:

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee?
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee?
 If thou wad be my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST

CHORUS

ROBIN shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him;
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse
 To warp a wab o' plaiden ;
 At his daddie's yett
 Wha met me but Robin ?

Was na Robin bauld,
 Though I was a cottar,
 Play'd me sic a trick,
 And me the elder's dochter ?

Robin promised me
 A' my winter vittle ;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goose feathers and a whittle.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS

THERE's news, lasses, news,
 Guid news I've to tell,
 There's a boatfu' o' lads
 Come to our town to sell.
 The wean wants a cradle,
 And the cradle wants a cod .
 And I'll no gang to my bed
 Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, mither, quo' she,
 Do what ye can,
 I'll no gang to my bed,
 Till I get a man.

I hae as guid a craft rig
 As made o' yird and stane ;
 And waly fa' the ley-crap,
 For I maun till 't again.

OH, THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED !

OH, that I had ne'er been married,
 I wad never had nae care ;
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 And they cry crowdie evermair.

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day,
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
 Glowrin' by the hallan en' ;
 Sair I fecht them at the door,
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG

TUNE—' *At Setting Day* '

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,
 The Muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
 O Mary, how I love thee !
 They who but feign a wounded heart,
 May teach the lyre to languish :
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh,
 The heartfelt pang discover ;
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 Oh, read th' imploring lover !
 For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising,
 Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
 The voice of nature prizing.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH

TUNE—' *Laggan Burn* '

HERE's to thy health, my bonnie lass,
 Gude night and joy be wi' thee :
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
 Oh, dinna think, my pretty pink,
 But I can live without thee :
 I vow and swear I dinna care
 How lang ye look about ye.

Thou 'rt aye sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry '
 I 'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time hae I to tarry.
 I ken thy friends try ilka means
 Frae wedlock to delay thee,
 Depending on some higher chance—
 But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me ;
 But I 'm as free as any he,
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae lang as I 'll enjoy it :
 I 'll fear nae scant, I 'll bode nae want,
 As lang 's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And aye until ye try them :
 Though they seem fair, still have a care,
 They may prove waur than I am.
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
 My dear, I 'll come and see thee ;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
 Nae travel makes him weary.

OH, STEER HER UP

TUNE—' *Oh, steer her up, and haud her gaun* '

OH, steer her up, and haud her gaun—
 Her mother's at the mill, jo ;
 And gin she winna take a man,
 E'en let her take her will, jo :
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' anither gill, jo ;
 And gin she take the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

Oh, steer her up, and be na blate,
 And gin she take it ill, jo,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And time nae langer spill, jo ;

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebut,
 But think upon it still, jo ;
 Then gin the lassie winna do 't,
 Ye'll fin' another will, jo.

OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

TUNE—' *Cordwainers' March* '

OH, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.
 A slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.

There 's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.
 Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

OH, WHA WILL TO SAINT STEPHEN'S HOUSE ? *

TUNE—' *Killiecrankie* '

OH, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
 To do our errands there, man ?
 Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
 O' th' merry lads o' Ayr, man ?
 Or will we send a man o' law ?
 Or will we send a sodger ?
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
 The meikle Ursa Major ?

* ' Saint Stephen's House : ' The occasion of this ballad was as follows :—When Mr. Cunninghame of Enterkin came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it—Enterkin and Annbank—were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *éclat* to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man ?
 For worth and honour pawn their word,
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.
 Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
 Anither gies them clatter ;
 Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
 He gies a *fête champêtre*.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
 The gay green-woods amang, man ;
 Where, gathering flowers, and busking bowers,
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;
 A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
 Sir Politics to fetter,
 As theirs alone, the patent bliss,
 To hold a *fête champêtre*.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
 O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;
 Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
 Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man ;
 She summon'd every social sprite,
 That sports by wood or water,
 On th' bonnie banks o' Ayr to meet,
 And keep this *fête champêtre*.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boist'rous crew,
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
 Clamb up the starry sky, man :
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter ;
 The western breeze steals through the trees,
 To view this *fête champêtre*.

How many a robe sae gaily floats !
 What sparkling jewels glance, man !
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,
 As moves the mazy dance, man.

attracted much notice. A dissolution of parliament was soon expected, and the festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Glencaird, and Mr. Boswell, the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson. The political views of the festive assemblage which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were however laid aside, as Mr. C. did not canvass the county.

The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter,
When angels met at Adam's yett,
To hold their *fête champêtre*.

When Politics came there, to mix,
And make his ether-stane,* man !
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man ;
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive *fête champêtre*.

CAULD IS THE E'ENIN' BLAST

TUNE—' *Cauld is the e'enin' blast* '

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin' it is dreary
When birks are bare at Yule.

Oh, bitter blows the e'enin' blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsey
Gat grist to her mill.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS

THERE was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear ;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

* 'Ether-stane:' alluding to the little annular stones, supposed to be formed from the sloughs of adders, but which in reality are Druidical.

Over sea, over shore,
 Where the cannons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear :
 And nocht could him quell,
 Or his bosom assail,
 But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

OH, MALLY 'S MEEK, MALLY 'S SWEET

CHORUS

OH, Mally 's meek, Mally 's sweet,
 Mally 's modest and discreet,
 Mally 's rare, Mally 's fair,
 Mally 's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet ;
 But oh ! the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
 Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
 And 'twere more fit that she should sit
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck ;
 And her two eyes like stars in skies,
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

LADY MARY ANN

TUNE—' *Craigton's Growing* '

OH, Lady Mary Ann
 Look'd o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonnie boys
 Playing at the ba' ;
 The youngest he was
 The flower amang them a',—
 My bonnie laddie 's young,
 But he 's growin' yet.

O father ! O father !
 An ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year
 To the college yet :
 We'll sew a green ribbon
 Round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken
 He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
 Was a flower i' the dew,
 Sweet was its smell,
 And bonnie was its hue ;
 And the langer it blossom'd
 The sweeter it grew ;
 For the lily in the bud
 Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane
 Was the sprout of an aik ;
 Bonnie and bloomin'
 And straught was its make :
 The sun took delight
 To shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag
 O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
 When the leaves they were green,
 And the days are awa'
 That we hae seen ;
 But far better days
 I trust will come again,
 For my bonnie laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

MY LADY'S GOWN; THERE'S GAIRS UPON 'T *

TUNE—' *Gregg's Pipes* '

CHORUS

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't ;
 But Jenny's jimps and jirginet,
 My lord thinks muckle mair upon 't.

* An old song amended.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane ;
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady 's white, my lady 's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude ;
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,
 Whare gorcocks through the heather pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
 A lily in a wilderness !

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns ;
 The diamond dew is her e'en sae blue,
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady 's dink, my lady 's drest,
 The flower and fancy o' the west ;
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
 Oh, that 's the lass to make him blest !

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON *

TUNE—' *Finlaystoun House* '

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierced my darling's heart ;
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid :
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.

* Burns in this song alludes to Mrs. Ferguson of Craigdarroch, who lost her son a promising youth of eighteen years of age.

Death ! oft I 've fear'd thy fatal blow
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest !

DELIA

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose ;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear !

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip ;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss,
For oh ! my soul is parch'd with love !

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING *

TUNE—' *Craigieburn-wood* '

CHORUS

BEYOND thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And oh, to be lying beyond thee ;
Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That 's laid in the bed beyond thee !

Sweet closes the eve on Craigieburn-wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow ;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Written on Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs. Whelpdale, a flame of Burns,
who lived at Craigieburn, near to Moffat.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,
 While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
 I darena for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonnie ;
 But oh, what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie !

To see thee in anither's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say thou lo'es nane before me ;
 And a' my days o' life to come
 I'll gratefully adore thee.

MY HEART WAS ANCE

TUNE—' *To the Weavers gin ye go* '

My heart was ance as blythe and free
 As simmer days were lang,
 But a bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
 Has gart me change my sang.

CHORUS

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go ;
 I rede you right, gang ne'er at night
 To the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
 To warp a plaidin' wab ;
 But the weary, weary warpin' o't
 Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonnie, westlin' weaver lad,
Sat working at his loom :
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun' ;
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun'.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlin' weaver lad
Convoy'd me through the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell ;
But, oh ! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel 's mysel'.

THERE WAS A LASS

TUNE—'*Duncan Davison*'

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin ;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favour Duncan couldna win ;
For wi' the roke she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between ;
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn ;
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen ;
Sae blithe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.

A man may drink and no be drunk ;
 A man may fight and no be slain ;
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
 And aye be welcome back again.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY

TUNE—' *The Ruffian's Rant* '

In coming by the brig o' Dye
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry ;
 As day was dawin' in the sky,
 We drank a health to bonnie Mary.

CHORUS

Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary ;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown 's a berry ;
 And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

We lap and danced the lee-lang day,
 Till piper lads were wae and weary ;
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
 For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

TUNE—' *Macpherson's Rant* '

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie !
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.

CHORUS

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath ?—
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword :
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avengèd be.

Now farewell, light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !

AMANG THE TREES

TUNE—' *The King of France, he rade a Race* '

AMANG the trees, where humming bees
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O !
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing, O !
 'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
 She dir'd them aff fu' clearly, O !
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O !

Their capon craws, and queer ha ha's,
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O !
 The hungry byke did scrape and pike
 Till we were wae and weary, O !

But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cased
 A prisoner aughteen year awa',
 He fired a fiddler in the North
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O !

THE TAILOR

TUNE—' *The Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles
 and a'* '

THE tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a',
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a' ;
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill ;
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man,
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man ;
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
 The dearest siller that ever I wan !

There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
 There 's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

MY JEAN !

TUNE—' *The Northern Lass'*

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
 Far as the pole and line,
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between ;
 Yet dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY

TUNE—' *Highlander's Lament* '

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain :
 But now he 's banish'd far away,
 I 'll never see him back again.

CHORUS

O for him back again !
 O for him back again !
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen ;
 I set me down and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain !
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN

TUNE—' *I'll gae nae mair to yon town* '

I 'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again ;
 I 'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.
 There 's nane sall ken, there 's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again ;
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And stowlins we sall meet again.

She 'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin'-time draws near again ;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 Oh, haith, she 's doubly dear again !
 I 'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again ;
 I 'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA

TUNE—' *Banks of Banna* '

YESTREEN, I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na' ;
 Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness,
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss,
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west
 Frae Indus to Savannah ;
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna !
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultana,
 While dying raptures, in her arms,
 I give and take with Anna !

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day !
 Awa', thou pale Diana !
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
 When I'm to meet my Anna !
 Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
 Sun, moon, and stars withdraw a' ;
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna !

THE EXCISEMAN

TUNE—' *The De'il cam fiddling through the town* '

THE de'il cam fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries—' Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man ! '

CHORUS

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 • The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman ;
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman !

We 'll mak our maut, we 'll brew our drink.
We 'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il
That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

There 's threesome reels, there 's foursome reels,
There 's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was—the de'il 's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY

TUNE—' *Duncan Gray* '

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !
The girdin' brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch, and baith my shoon ;
Ah ! Duncan, ye 're an unco loon—
Wae on the bad girdin' o't !

But, Duncan, gin ye 'll keep your aith—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !
I 'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !
Duncan, gin ye 'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin' o't.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

TUNE—' *Cauld blaws the Wind* '

CHORUS

Up in the morning 's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly ;
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely ;
 And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn—
 I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

Up in the morning 's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

MY HOGGIE

TUNE—' *What will I do gin my Hoggie die ?* '

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die ?
 My joy, my pride, my hoggie ?
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And vow, but I was voggie !

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie ;
 We heard naught but the roaring linn,
 Among the braes sae scroggie.

But the howlet cried frae the castle wa',
 The blitter frae the boggie,
 The tod replied upon the hill—
 I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crawl,
 The morning it was foggie ;
 An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
 And maist has kill'd my hoggie.

THE CARLES OF DYSART

TUNE—' *Hey ca' through* '

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.

CHORUS

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we hae meikle ado ;
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we hae meikle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing ;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.

We 'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we hae meikle ado ;
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we hae meikle ado.

MY LOVE SHE 'S BUT A LASSIE YET *

TUNE—' *Lady Badinscoth's Reel* '

MY love she 's but a lassie yet,
 My love she 's but a lassie yet ;
 We 'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She 'll no be half sae saucy yet.

* An old song amended.

I rue the day I sought her, O !
 I rue the day I sought her, O !
 Wha gets her needs na say she 's woo'd,
 But he may say he 's bought her, O !

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We 're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't,
 We 're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't ;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 And couldna preach for thinkin' o't.

HERE 'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT 'S AWA'

TUNE—' *Here 's a health to them that 's awa' '*

HERE 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa' ;
 And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
 May never gude luck be their fa' !
 It 's gude to be merry and wise,
 It 's gude to be honest and true,
 It 's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa' ;
 Here 's a health to Charlie,* the chief o' the clan,
 Although that his band be but sma'.
 May Liberty meet wi' success !
 May Prudence protect her frae evil !
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil !

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa' ;
 Here 's a health to Tammie,† the Norlan' laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law !
 Here 's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here 's freedom to him that wad write !
 There 's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

* 'Charlie': Mr. Fox. † 'Tammie': Lord Erskine.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
 And friends on both sides of the Tweed;
 And wha wad betray old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread!

THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E

Now bank and brae are claith'd in green,
 And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring:
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.
 To Cassilis' banks, when e'ening fa's,
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boasts o' world's walth,
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' my ain—
 Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair!
 Then let me range by Cassilis' banks,
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

Æ FOND KISS *

TUNE—' *Rory Dall's Port* '

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Æ fareweel, and then for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the Star of Hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

* Written on his parting from Clarinda. The verses are beautiful; but the idea of either party being 'broken-hearted,' is purely fanciful.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD ?

TUNE—' *The bonnie Lad that's far awa'* '

OH, how can I be blithe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa' ;
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a',
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa' ;
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
 And silken snoods he gave me twa ;

And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that 's far awa' ;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that 's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will cleed the birken-shaw ;
 And my sweet baby will be born,
 And he 'll come hame that 's far awa' ;
 And my sweet baby will be born,
 And he 'll come hame that 's far awa'.

OUT OVER THE FORTH

TUNE—' *Charlie Gordon's welcome hame* '

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me ?
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my baby and me.

MY COLLIER LADDIE *

TUNE—' *The Collier Laddie* '

' WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass ?
 And tell me what they ca' ye ? '
 ' My name,' she says, ' is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the collier laddie ;
 My name,' she says, ' is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the collier laddie.'

' Oh, see you not yon hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie !
 They a' are mine, they shall be thine,
 Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie ;
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie.

* An old song altered.

' Ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy ;
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie ;
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie.'

' Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly,
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my collier laddie ;
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my collier laddie.

' I can win my five pennies in a day,
 And spend 't at night fu' brawlie ;
 And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my collier laddie ;
 And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

' Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
 Though the wee cot-house should haud me ;
 And the world before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my collier laddie ;
 And the world before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my collier laddie.'

LADY ONLIE

TUNE—' *The Ruffian's Rant* '

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They 'll step in and tak a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky !

CHORUS

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews good ale at shore o' Bucky,
 I wish her sale for her gude ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky ;
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky !

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH

AN ELECTION BALLAD

TUNE—' *Up and waur them a'* '

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie ;
 But he 'll sair them as he sair'd the king—
 Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

CHORUS

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a' ;
 The Johnstons hae the guidin' o' t,
 Ye turncoat whigs, awa'.

The day he stude his country's friend,
 Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
 That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast ?
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;
 There 's no a callant tents the kye,
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here 's Whistlebirk,
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ;
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
 And we 'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW

TUNE—' *To daunt me* '

THE blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea ;
 But an auld man shall never daunt me.

CHORUS

To daunton me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flattering tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
 For an old man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twafauld as he dow,
 Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd e'e—
 That auld man shall never daunton me.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE *

TUNE—' *O'er the Water to Charlie* '

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
 I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

CHORUS

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea.
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him ;
 But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him !

* An old song amended.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.

EPPIE ADAIR

TUNE—' *My Eppie* '

AND oh ! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?
 By love, and by beauty,
 By law, and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair !

And oh ! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?
 A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair !

COMING THROUGH THE RYE *

TUNE—' *Coming through the Rye* '

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

CHORUS

Jenny 's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny 's seldom dry ;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie
 Coming through the rye.

* An old song improved.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry ?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the world ken ?

HAD I THE WYTE ?

TUNE—*'Had I the wyte?—she bade me'*

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
 Had I the wyte?—she bade me ;
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
 And up the loan she shaw'd me ;
 And when I wadna venture in,
 A coward loon she ca'd me ;
 Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
 I 'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftily she took me ben,
 And bade me make nae clatter ;
 ' For our ramgunshoch glum gudeman
 Is out and owre the water : '
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace
 When I did kiss and dawt her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Syne say I was the fauter.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refused her ?
 And wadna manhood been to blame,
 Had I unkindly used her ?
 He claw'd her wi' the riplin'-kame,
 And blue and bluidy bruised her ;
 When sic a husband was frae home,
 What wife but had excused her ?

I dighted aye her, e'en sae blue,
 And bann'd the cruel randy ;
 And, weel I wat, her willing mou'
 Was e'en like sugar-candy.

A gloamin'-shot it was I trow,
 I lighted on the Monday ;
 But I came through the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE

TUNE—' *Whistle o'er the lave o't* '

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;
 Now we 're married—spier nae mair—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was Nature's child ;
 Wiser men than me 's beguiled—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may sec—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see 't—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

THE BAIRNS GAT OUT

TUNE—' *The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie* '

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O !
 The fien'-ma-care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
 He was but a paidlin' body, O !
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,
 And he paidles late and early, O !
 This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
 And he 's but a fusionless carlie, O !

Oh, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
 Oh, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O !
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O !

I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddled me late and early, O !
 But downa do 's come o'er me now,
 And, oh ! I feel it sairly, O !

HER FLOWING LOCKS *

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hing ;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her !
 Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
 Oh, what a feast her bonnie mou' !
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner.

YOUNG JOCKEY

TUNE—' *Young Jockey* '

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa' ;
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
 He roosed my e'en sae bonnie blue,
 He roosed my waist, sae gently sma' ;
 And aye my heart came to my mou',
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw ;
 And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 And aye the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a' ;
 And aye he vows he 'll be my ain
 As lang 's he has a breath to draw.

* * Her flowing locks : ' an impromptu composed at Mauchline on seeing a beautiful young lady on horseback.

OH, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME

TUNE—' *My Wife she dang me* '

OH, aye my wife she dang me,
 And aft my wife did bang me ;
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith, she 'll soon o'ergang ye.
 On peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And, fool I was, I married ;
 But never honest man's intent
 As cursedly miscarried.

Some share o' comfort still at last,
 When a' my days are done, man ;
 My pains o' hell on earth are past,
 I 'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 Oh, aye my wife she dang me,
 And aft my wife did bang me ;
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith, she 'll soon o'ergang ye.

HUNTING-SONG

TUNE—' *I rede you beware at the hunting* '

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
 Our lads gaed a-hunting, ae day at the dawn,
 O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
 At length they discover'd a bonnie moor-hen.

CHORUS

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men ;
 I rede you beware at the hunting, young men ;
 Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
 But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather-bells,
 Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;
 Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
 And oh ! as she wantonèd gay on the wing.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
 In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill ;
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill ;
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill ;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
 Then, whirr ! she was over a mile at a flight.

YOUNG PEGGY

TUNE—' *Last time I cam o'er the Muir* '

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
 With early gems adorning :
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them,
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them ;
 Her smile is as the evening mild,
 When feather'd pairs are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen ;
 And fretful envy grins in vain,
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of honour, love, and truth,
 From every ill defend her ;
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
 The Destinies intend her ;

Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom,
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

MARY ! *

TUNE—' *Blue Bonnets* '

POWERS celestial ! whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care :
 Let her form, sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own,
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest :
 Guardian angels ! oh, protect her
 When in distant lands I roam ;
 To realms unknown while Fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON

TUNE—' *Braes o' Balquhiddy* '

CHORUS

I 'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 And I 'll kiss thee o'er again,
 And I 'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison !

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O !
 Young kings upon their hansom throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O !

* ' Mary : ' written on Mary Campbell, at the time Burns was preparing to go abroad.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O !
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !

And by thy e'e, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O !
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O !

ON CESSNOCK BANKS

TUNE—*' If he be a Butcher neat and trim '*

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
 Could I describe her shape and mien ;
 The graces of her weelfared face,
 And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en.

She's fresher than the morning dawn,
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
 And she's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 And shoots its head above each bush ;
 And she's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn
 With flowers so white and leaves so green,
 When purest in the dewy morn ;
 And she's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
 When flowery May adorns the scene,
 That wantons round its bleating dam ;
 And she's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

Her hair is like the curling mist
 That shades the mountain-side at e'en ;
 When flower-reviving rains are past ;
 And she's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep ;
And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

But it 's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled queen ;
But the mind that shines in every grace,
And chiefly in her sparklin' e'en !

WAE IS MY HEART

TUNE—' *Wae is my heart* '

WAE is my heart, and the tear 's in my e'e ;
Lang, lang, joy 's been a stranger to me :
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures ; and deep hae I loved ;
Love, thou hast sorrows ; and sair hae I proved :
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were where happy I hae been !
 Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle-green ;
 For there he is wandering and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

THE PLOUGHMAN

TUNE—' *Up wi' the Ploughman* '

THE ploughman he 's a bonnie lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo ;
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He 's aften wat and weary ;
 Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie !

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will dress his o'erlay ;
 I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint Johnston ;
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin' ;
 A gude blue bonnet on his head—
 And oh, but he was handsome !

Commend me to the barn-yard,
 And the corn-mou', man ;
 I never gat my coggie fou,
 Till I met wi' the ploughman.

Up wi' my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

•

TO THEE, LOVED NITH !

To thee, loved Nith ! thy gladsome plains,
 Where late wi' careless thought I ranged,
 Though press'd wi' care and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
 Though memory there my bosom tear ;
 For there he roved that brake my heart,
 Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear !

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER

TUNE—' *Cock up your beaver* '

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
 Came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet
 That wanted the crown :
 But now he has gotten
 A hat and a feather—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad.
 Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
 And cock it fu' sprush,
 We'll over the border
 And gie them a brush ;
 There's somebody there
 We'll teach better behaviour—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS *

TUNE—' *Faille na Miosg* '

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart 'is not here ;
 My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN

TUNE—' *I'm o'er young to marry yet* '

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir ;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd it maks me eerie, sir.

CHORUS

I'm o'er young to marry yet ;
 I'm o'er young to marry yet ;
 I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, sir ;
 And you and I in ae bed,
 In troth I darna venture, sir.

* An old song expanded.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir ;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'

TUNE—' *Hey tutti, taiti* '

LANDLADY, count the lawin',
The day is near the dawin' ;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now ?

Cog, an ye were aye fu',
Cog, an ye were aye fu',
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were aye fu'.

Weel may ye a' be !
Ill may we never see !
God bless the king, boys,
And the companie !

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

TUNE—' *The weary pund o' Tow* '

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow ;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
As gude as e'er did grow ;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyont the ingle low,
 And aye she took the tither souk,
 To drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I, ' For shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow !'
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see 't—
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;
 And or I wad anither jaud,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

OH, WHARE DID YE GET ?

TUNE—' *Bonnie Dundee* '

Oh, whare did ye get that hauver meal bannock ?
 Oh, silly blind body, Oh dinna ye see ?
 I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
 Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
 Oh, gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't !
 Aft has he doudled me upon his knee ;
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me !

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e bree !
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
 Thou 's aye the dearer and dearer to me !
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
 Whare Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear ;
 And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

ANOTHER VERSION

Oh, whare gat ye that bonnie blue bonnet ?
 Oh, what makes them aye put the question to me ?
 I gat it frae a bonnie Scots callan,
 Atween Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
 Oh, gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't !
 Aft has he doudled me upon his knee ;
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me !

My heart has nae room when I think on my laddie,
His dear rosy haffets bring tears to my e'e—
But, oh ! he 's awa', and I dinna ken whare he 's—
Gin we could ance meet, we 'll ne'er part till we die.
Oh, light be the breezes around him saft blawin',
And o'er him sweet simmer still blink bonnilie,
And the rich dewes o' plenty, around him wide fa'in',
Prevent a' his fears for my baby and me !

My blessin's upon that sweet wee lippie !
My blessin's upon that bonnie e'e bree !
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou 's aye the dearer and dearer to me.
But I 'll big a bower on yon green bank sae bonnie,
That 's laved by the waters o' Tay wimplin' clear,
And cleed thee in tartans, my wee smiling Johnnie,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR ?

TUNE—' *Lass, an I come near thee* '

WHA is that at my bower-door ?
Oh, wha is it but Findlay.
Then gae your gate, ye 'se no be here !
Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye, sae like a thief ?
Oh come and see, quo' Findlay ;
Before the morn ye 'll work mischief ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let ye in ?
Let me in, quo' Findlay ;
Ye 'll keep me waukin' wi' your din ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if you should stay—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay ;
I fear ye 'll bide till break o' day ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain ;
I 'll remain, quo' Findlay :
I dread ye 'll learn the gate again ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

What may pass within this bower—
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay ;
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour ;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T

TUNE—' *East Nook o' Fife* '

Oh, wha my baby clouts will buy ?
 Oh, wha will tent me when I cry ?
 Wha will kiss me where I lie ?
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Oh, wha will own he did the fau't ?
 Oh, wha will buy the groanin' maut ?
 Oh, wha will tell me how to ca't ?
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there ?
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair—
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane ?
 Wha will mak me fidgin' fain ?
 Wha will kiss me o'er again ?
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

A FRAGMENT

TUNE —' *John Anderson, my jo* '

ONE night as I did wander,
 When corn begins to shoot,
 I sat me down to ponder
 Upon an auld tree root :
 Auld Ayr ran by before me,
 And bicker'd to the seas ;
 A cushat crooded o'er me,
 That echoed through the braes.

ROBIN

TUNE—' *Daintie Davie* '

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it 's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

CHORUS

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin' ;
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin' Robin !

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof ;
I think we 'll ca' him Robin.

He 'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a' ;
He 'll be a credit till us a'—
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt you 'll gar
The bonnie lasses lie aspar ;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur—
So blessin's on thee, Robin !

OH, LEAVE NOVELS !

TUNE—' *Mauchline Belles* '

OH, leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel ;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel ;
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel ;
The frank address and politesse
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

THE MAUCLINE BELLES

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a' ;
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a' :
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw ;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend !
What would ye wish for mair, man ?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man ?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man :
 Believe me, happiness is shy,
 And comes not aye when sought, man.

LINES

ON A PLOUGHMAN

As I was a-wandering ae morning in spring,
 I heard a young ploughman sae sweetly to sing ;
 And as he was singin' thir words he did say,
 ' There 's nae life like the ploughman in the month o'
 sweet May.

' The laverock in the morning she 'll rise frae her nest,
 And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast ;
 And wi' the merry ploughman she 'll whistle and sing,
 And at night she 'll return to her nest back again.'

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

TUNE—' *Yon wild mossy Mountains* '

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed ;
 Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors ;
 For there, by a lanely and sequester'd stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream ;
 For there, by a lanely and sequester'd stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath ;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love ;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love,

She is not the fairest, although she is fair ;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me ;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ?
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our e'en, as they flee to our hearts ;
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our e'en, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
 And the heart beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !
 And the heart beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

HER DADDIE FORBADE

TUNE—' *Jumpin' John* '

HER daddie forbade, her minnie forbade ;
 Forbidden she wadna be ;
 She wadna trow 't the browst she brew'd
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

CHORUS

The lang lad they ca' *Jumpin' John*
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie ;
 The lang lad they ca' *Jumpin' John*
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillin's and three ;
 A vera gude tocher, a cottar-man's dochter,
 The lass wi' the bonnie black e'e.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER *

TUNE—' *The Dusty Miller* '

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat ;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour ;
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack,
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck ;
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller ;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER

TUNE—' *Maggy Lauder* '

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November ;
She made me wearie of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended ;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together ;
At length from me her course she 's steer'd,
And gone I know not whither ;
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

* Founded, as well as the following, on an old ditty.

Her body is bestowèd well,
 A handsome grave does hide her ;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The de'il would ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating thunder ;
 For why—methinks I hear her voice
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

SAE FAR AWA'

TUNE—' *Dalkeith Maiden Bridge* '

OH, sad and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa' ;
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land sae far awa'.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this Fair sae far awa',
 Gi'e body strength, and I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her sae far awa' :
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh ! she is sae far awa'.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but her's, sae far awa' :
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than her's, the Fair sae far awa'.

THE CARDIN' O'T

TUNE—' *Salt fish and dumplings* '

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
 To make a coat to Johnny o't ;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.

CHORUS

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the linin' o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be beld aboon ;
 Yet I hae seen him on a day,
 The pride of a' the parishen.

YOUNG JAMIE. PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN

TUNE—' *The carlin o' the glen* '

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain ;
 Through a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless king of love :
 But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays amang the woods and briers ;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 He sad, complaining, dowie raves :

' I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And changed with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sae dear :
 The slighted maids my torment see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair ! '

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY *

TO A GAELIC AIR

THERE'S a youth in this city,
 It were a great pity
 That he frae our lasses should wander awa' ;
 For he's bonnie and braw,
 Weel-favour'd and a',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue
 Of his bonnet sae blue ;
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw ;
 His hose they are blae,
 And his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

* Partly old.

For beauty and fortune
 The laddie's been courtin' ;
 Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw ;
 But chiefly the siller—
 That gars him gang till her,
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailen,
 That fain wad a haen him ;
 And Susie, whose daddie was laird o' the ha' ;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
 Maist fetters his fancy—
 But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE *

TUNE—' *Rattlin', roarin' Willie* '

OH, rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Oh, he held to the fair,
 And for to sell his fiddle,
 And buy some other ware ;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his e'e ;
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 Oh, sell your fiddle sae fine ;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine !
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' wad think I was mad ;
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben—
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon board en' ;
 Sitting at yon board en',
 And amang guid companie,
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

* 'Roarin' Willie : ' William Dunbar, W.S., Edinburgh, Captain of the Crochallan corps.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER

TUNE—' *The job of journey-work* '

ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fauter ;
 Although my back be at the wa',
 Yet here 's his health in water !

Oh ! wae gae by his wanton sides,
 Sae brawlie he could flatter ;
 Till for his sake I 'm slighted sair,
 And dree the kintra clatter.

But though my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fauter ;
 But though my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here 's his health in water !

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES *

TUNE—' *Kellyburn Braes* '

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
 And he had a wife was the plague, o' his days ;
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
 He met wi' the devil ; says, ' How do you fen' ? '
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

' I 've got a bad wife, sir ; that 's a' my complaint ;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
 For, saving your presence, to her ye 're a saint ; '
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

' It 's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have ; '
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

* An old song much altered.

' Oh, welcome, most kindly,' the blithe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
' But if ye can match her, ye 're waur nor ye 're ca'd ;'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil has got the auld wife on his back,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
And, like a poor pedlar, he 's carried his pack ;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

He 's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door :
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore ;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand ;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The carline gaed through them like ony wud bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
Whae'er she gat hands on came near her na mair ;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa' ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
' Oh, help, master, help, or she 'll ruin us a' ;'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife ;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but in hell ;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
And to her auld husband he 's carried her back ;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

' I hae been a devil the feck o' my life ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife ;'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

YE JACOBITES BY NAME *

TUNE—' *Ye Jacobites by name* '

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear ;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fauts I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law ?
What is right and what is wrang by the law ?
What is right and what is wrang ?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar ?
What makes heroic strife famed afar ?
What makes heroic strife ?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bludie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state ;
Then let your schemes alone in the state ;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

WHEN ROSY MAY

TUNE—' *The Gardener wi' his paidle* '

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers
Then busy, busy are his hours—
The gardener wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa' ;
 The merry birds are lovers a' ;
 The scented breezes round him blaw—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews he maun repair—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
 He flies to her arms he lo'es best—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY

TUNE—' *The Killogie* '

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley ;
 Here 's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley.
 Wha in a brulzie
 Will first cry a parley ?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley ;
 Here 's to the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.
 Wha in his wae-days
 Were loyal to Charlie ?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.

HEE BALOU !

TUNE—' *The Highland Balou* '

HEE balou ! my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o' the great Clanronald ;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
An thou live, thou 'lt steal a naigie ;
Travel the country through and through,
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my baby, may thou funder ;
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

BONNIE PEG

As I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary ;
Oh, wha cam tripping down the street
But bonnie Peg, my dearie !

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting ;
The Queen o' Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands we took the sands
A-down yon winding river ;
And, oh ! that hour and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever !

WEE WILLIE GRAY

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket ;
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat ;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN *

TUNE—' *Ye gallants bright* '

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann ;
 Her comely face, sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her e'en sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan ;
 Sae jimply laced her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van ;
 In a' their charms and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man ;
 Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann !

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY

TUNE—' *Gala Water* '

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,
 Among the heather in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin' t with Montgomery's Peggy.

* 'Bonnie Ann : ' daughter of Allan Masterton, the third in the revel, when ' Willie brew'd a peck o' maut ' (p. 274). He was a steadfast friend of the poet.

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG

As on the banks o' wandering Nith,
 Ae smiling simmer-morn I stray'd,
 And traced its bonnie howes and haughs,
 Where linties sang and lambkins play'd,
 I sat me down upon a craig,
 And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
 When, from the eddying deep below,
 Uprose the Genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
 And troubled, like his wintry wave,
 And deep, as sighs the boding wind
 Amang his caves, the sigh he gave—
 'And came ye here, my son,' he cried,
 'To wander in my birken shade?
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

'There was a time—it's nae lang syne—
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
 When a' my banks sae bravely saw
 Their woody pictures in my tide;
 When hanging beech and spreading elm
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
 And stately oaks their twisted arms
 Threw broad and dark across the pool;

'When, glinting through the trees, appear'd
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
 That slowly curl'd up the hill.
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
 And scarce a stunted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast its lane.'

'Alas!' said I, 'what ruefu' chance
 Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
 Has stripp'd the cleeding o' your braes?
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,
 That scatters blight in early spring?
 Or was 't the wil'-fire scorch'd their boughs,
 Or canker-worm, wi' secret sting?'

' Nae eastlin' blast,' the Sprite replied ;
 ' It blew na here sae fierce and fell,
 And on my dry and halesome banks
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell : .
 Man ! cruel man ! ' the Genius sigh'd—
 As through the cliffs he sank him down—
 ' The worm that gnaw'd my bonnie trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown ! ' *

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN †

As Tam the Chapman, on a day,
 Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
 Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
 And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
 Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
 And there blows up a hearty crack :
 His social, friendly, honest heart
 Sae tickled Death, they could na part :
 Sae after viewing knives and garters,
 Death takes him hame to gi'e him quarters.

TO CLARINDA

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,
 My heart was blithe and gay,
 Free as the wind, or feather'd race
 That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
 Clarinda proves unkind ;
 I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
 But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
 When I the fair have found :
 On every tree appear my verses
 That to her praise resound.

* ' Ducal crown : ' alluding to the Duke of Queensberry cutting down the woods of Drumlanrig to enrich the Duchess of Yarmouth, his presumed (untruly) daughter.

† ' Tam the Chapman : ' one Kennedy of Ayr, who had recovered from an illness, and met the poet.—*Communicated by William Cobbett.*

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite,
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray
I envy your success,
Yet love to friendship shall give way—
I cannot wish it less.

BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER

TUNE—' *Gala Water* '

CHORUS

BRAW, braw lads of Gala Water,
O braw lads of Gala Water :
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonnie blue her e'en, my dearie ;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss among the heather ;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and blearie.

COME REDE ME, DAME

COME rede me, dame, come tell me, dame,
And nane can tell mair truly,
What colour maun the man be of,
To love a woman duly ?

The carline clew baith up and down,
 And leugh and answer'd ready,
 ' I learn'd a sang in Annandale,
 A dark man for my lady.

' But for a country quean like thee,
 Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
 That wi' the white I've made a shift,
 And brown will do fu' rarely.

' There's meikle love in raven locks,
 The flaxen ne'er grows youden,
 There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
 And glory in the gowden.'

THE TREE OF LIBERTY

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
 I watna what's the name o't ;
 Around it a' the patriots dance,
 Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
 It stands where ance the Bastille stood,
 A prison built by kings, man,
 When Superstition's hellish brood
 Kept France in leading strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
 Its virtues a' can tell, man ;
 It raises man aboon the brute,
 It maks him ken himsel', man.
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
 He's greater than a lord, man,
 An' wi' the beggar shares a mite
 O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man :
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 An' mak us a' content, man.
 It clears the e'en, it cheers the heart,
 Maks high and low guid friends, man ;
 And he wha acts the traitor's part
 It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the de'il,
Frae yont the western waves, man.
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folks aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man,
The courtly vermin 's bann'd the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man ;
King Louis thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man ;
For this the watchmen crack'd his crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledged their faith, man.
Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wish'd they 'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man ;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man ;
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
And bang'd the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbours shine, man.
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree cannot be found,
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man ;
A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.

We labour soon, we labour late,
 To feed the titled knave, man ;
 And a' the comfort we 're to get
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The warld would live in peace, man ;
 The sword would help to mak a plough,
 The din o' war would cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We 'd on each other smile, man ;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic haesome, dainty cheer, man ;
 I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
 Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man ;
 And blithe we 'll sing, and hail the day
 That gave us liberty, man.

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP

HERE around the ingle bleezing,
 Wha sae happy and sae free ;
 Though the northern wind blaws freezing,
 Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

CHORUS

Happy we are a' thegither,
 Happy we 'll be ane an' a',
 Time shall see us a' the blither
 Ere we rise to gang awa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure
 Gloating wi' a greedy e'e !
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
 That around us here we see ?

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
 Ca' his conscience half his own :
 His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,
 Though he stan' afore a throne !

Thus, then, let us a' be tassing
 Aff our stoups o' generous flame;
 An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,
 Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

Frien'ship maks us a' mair happy,
 Frien'ship gies us a' delight;
 Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
 Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

STANZAS *

ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story?
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
 The very name of Douglas blasted—
 His that inverted glory!

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
 But he has supperadded more,
 And sunk them in contempt;
 Follies and crimes have stain'd the name:
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
 From aught that's good exempt.

TO A KISS

HUMID seal of soft affections,
 Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
 Dearest tie of young connexions,
 Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
 Passion's birth, and infants' play,
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
 Glowing dawn of brighter day.

* * Stanzas: an impromptu on the tree-destroying Duke, made by the poet when once reproached for choosing nothing but low subjects.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
 When ling'ring lips no more must join ;
 What words can ever speak affection
 So thrilling and sincere as thine !

I DREAM'D I LAY

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
 Gaily in the sunny beam ;
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling crystal stream :
 Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
 Through the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
 Trees with aged arms were warring
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;
 But lang ere noon, loud tempests storming
 A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
 Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
 (She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;)
 Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

THE DISCREET HINT

' LASS, when your mither is frae hame,
 May I but be sae bauld
 As come to your bower-window,
 And creep in frae the cauld ?
 As come to your bower-window,
 And when it 's cauld an' wat,
 Warm me in thy fair bosom,—
 Sweet lass, may I do that ? '

' Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
 When our guidwife 's frae hame,
 As come to my bower-window,
 Whare I am laid my lane,
 To warm thee in my bosom,—
 Tak tent, I'll tell thee what,
 The way to me lies through the kirk :—
 Young man, do ye hear that ? '

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

TUNE—' *The Weaver and his Shuttle, O !* '

My father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O !
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O !
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O !
For without an honest, manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O !

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O !
Though to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O !
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O !
Resolved was I, at least to try
To mend my situation, O !

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted fortune's favour, O !
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O !
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O !
And when my hope was at the top
I still was worst mistaken, O !

Then sore harass'd, and tired at last,
With fortune's vain delusion, O !
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O !
The past was bad, and the future hid ;
Its good or ill untried, O !
But the present hour was in my power,
And so I would enjoy it, O !

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O !
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
And labour to sustain me, O !
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O !
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O !

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
 Through life I 'm doom'd to wander, O !
 Till down my weary bones I lay
 In everlasting slumber, O !
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er
 Might breed me pain or sorrow, O !
 I live to-day as well 's I may,
 Regardless of to-morrow, O !

But cheerful still, I am as well
 As a monarch in a palace, O !
 Though fortune's frown still hunts me down,
 With all her wanton malice, O !
 I make indeed my daily bread,
 But ne'er can make it farther, O !
 But as daily bread is all I need,
 I do not much regard her, O !

When sometimes by my labour
 I earn a little money, O !
 Some unforeseen misfortune
 Comes generally upon me, O !
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
 Or my good-natured folly, O !
 But come what will, I've sworn it still,
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O !

All you who follow wealth and power
 With unremitting ardour, O !
 The more in this you look for bliss,
 You leave your view the farther, O !
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
 Or nations to adore you, O !
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown
 I will prefer before you, O !

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,
 Lord, man, there 's lasses there wad force
 A hermit's fancy ;
 And down the gate, in faith, they 're worse,
 And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
 And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
 Till some bit callant bring me news
 That you are there ;
 And if we dinna haud a bouse
 I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit and swallow,
 Then like a swine to puke and wallow ;
 But gie me just a true good fallow,
 Wi' right ingine,
 And spunkie ance to make us mellow,
 And then we'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' world's folk,
 Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
 And sklent on poverty their joke,
 Wi' bitter sneer,
 Wi' you no friendship will I troke,
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
 Ye hate, as ill's the verra de'il,
 The flinty heart that canna feel,
 Come, sir, here's tae you !
 Hae, there's my haun', I wiss you weel,
 And gude be wi' you !

OH, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'

TUNE—' *Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie !* '

OH, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie !
 Oh, Kenmure's on and awa !
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
 Success to Kenmure's band ;
 There's no a heart that fears a whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
 Here Kenmure's health in wine ;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men ;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—
 And that their faes shall ken.

They 'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !
 They 'll live or die wi' fame ;
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame !

Here 's him that 's far awa', Willie !
 Here 's him that 's far awa' !
 And here 's the flower that I lo'e best—
 The rose that 's like the snaw !

HANDSOME NELL *

TUNE—*'I am a man unmarried'*

Oh, once I loved a bonnie lass,
 Aye, and I love her still ;
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast
 I 'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest gracefu' mien,
 The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She 's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 And, what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel ;
 And then there 's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air,
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul;
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE

Oh, raging fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low, O!
 Oh, raging fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
 My blossom sweet did blow, O!
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
 And made my branches grow, O!

But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O!
 But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O!

TIBBIE DUNBAR

TUNE—' *Johnny M'Gill* '

Oh, wilt thou go wi' me,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Oh, wilt thou go wi' me,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse,
 Or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie,
 His lands and his money,
 I care na thy kin,
 Sae high and sae lordly:

But say thou wilt hae me
 For better for waur—
 And come in thy coatie,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar !

OH, WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE ?

OH, why the deuce should I repine,
 And be an ill foreboder ?
 I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
 I'll go, and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
 I held it weel thegither ;
 But now it's gane, and something mair—
 I'll go and be a sodger.

TO THE OWL

SAD bird of night ! what sorrows call thee forth,
 To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour ?
 Is it some blast that gathers in the North,
 Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bower ?

Is it, sad owl ! that Autumn strips the shade,
 And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn ?
 Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade ?
 Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn ?

Shut out, lone bird ! from all the feather'd train,
 To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom ;
 No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
 Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strain,
 And, pleased, in sorrow listen to thy song :
 Sing on, sad mourner ! to the night complain,
 While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
 Sad, piteous tears in native sorrows fall ?
 Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break ?
 Less happy he who lists to pity's call ?

Ah no, sad owl ! nor is thy voice less sweet,
 That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there ;
 That spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou can'st repeat ;
 That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair.

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
 Are quite estranged, sad bird of night ! from thee ;
 Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
 When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,
 While the grey walls, and desert solitudes,
 Return each note, responsive to the gloom
 Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods ;

There hooting, I will list more pleased to thee
 Than ever lover to the nightingale ;
 Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

SWEETEST MAY

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;
 Take a heart which he desires thee ;
 As thy constant slave regard it ;
 For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonnie ;
 Not high-born, but noble minded,
 In love's silken bands can bind it !

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER

SWEET naïveté of feature
 Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
 Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
 Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
 Spurning nature, torturing art,
 Loves and graces all rejected,
 Then indeed thou 'dst act a part.

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE

A FRAGMENT

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER
AT GEMAPPE, NOVEMBER 1792

THE black-headed eagle
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe ;
But fell in a trap,
On the braes o' Gemappe ;
E'en let him come out as he dow.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER
BLAIR

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave ;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd through the dark'ning air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train ;
Or mused where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well,
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred fane.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startling eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war ;
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.

- ‘ My patriot son fills an untimely grave ! ’
 With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
 ‘ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch’d to save,
 Low lies the heart that swell’d with honest pride !
- ‘ A weeping country joins a widow’s tear,
 The helpless poor mix with the orphan’s cry ;
 The drooping Arts surround their patron’s bier,
 And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh !
- ‘ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;
 I saw fair Freedom’s blossoms richly blow ;
 But, ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
 Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.
- ‘ My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name ?
 No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
 And future ages hear his growing fame.
- ‘ And I will join a mother’s tender cares,
 Through future times to make his virtues last,
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs ! ’
 She said, and vanish’d with the sweeping blast.

VERSES TO MY BED

THOU bed, in which I first began
 To be that various creature—*Man* !
 And when again the Fates decree
 The place where I must cease to be ;
 When sickness comes, to whom I fly
 To soothe my pain, or close mine eye ;
 When cares surround me where I weep,
 Or lose them all in balmy sleep ;
 When sore with labour, whom I court,
 And to thy downy breast resort ;
 Where too, ecstatic joys I find,
 When deigns my Delia to be kind,
 And full of love, in all her charms,
 Thou giv’st the fair one to my arms.
 The centre thou, where grief and pain,
 Disease and rest, alternate reign.
 Oh, since within thy little space,
 So many various scenes take place ;

Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,
 As sages dictate—churchmen preach,
 And man, convinced by thee alone,
 This great important truth shall own :—
 That thin partitions do divide
 The bounds where good and ill reside ;
 That naught is perfect here below ;
 But *bliss* still bordering upon *woe*.

TO MRS C——,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
 Still may thy pages call to mind
 The dear, the beautiful donor :
 Though sweetly female every part,
 Yet such a head, and more the heart,
 Does both the sexes honour.
 She show'd her taste refined and just
 When she selected thee,
 Yet deviating, own I must,
 For so approving me ;
 But kind still, I mind still,
 The giver in the gift,
 I'll bless her, and wiss her
 A friend above the Lift.*

WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART KYLE

TUNE—' *I had a horse, I had nae mair* '

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was nae steady ;
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
 A mistress still I had aye :
 But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreading any body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

* Burns sent also a copy of these lines to his friend Aiken.

ON —

WHEN — deceased to the devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown ;
'Thy fool's head,' quoth Satan, 'that crown shall wear
never ;
I grant thou 'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.'

THE BANKS O' DOON

FIRST VERSION

TUNE—' *Catherine Ogie* '

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luvie was true.

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvie staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

YE HAE LIEN A' WRANG, LASSIE

CHORUS

YE hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
 Ye 've lien a' wrang;
 Ye 've lien in an unco bed,
 And wi' a fremit man.

Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan,
 Ye 're greener than the grass, lassie;
 Your coatie 's shorter by a span,
 Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.

O lassie, ye ha'e play'd the fool,
 And ye will feel the scorn, lassie;
 For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
 Ye bock them e'er the morn, lassie.

Oh, ance ye danced upon the knowes,
 And through the wood ye sang, lassie,
 But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
 I fear ye 've got a stang, lassie.
 Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
 Ye 've lien a' wrang,
 Ye 've lien in an unco bed,
 And wi' a fremit man.

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS OF
LINCLUDEN ABBEY

YE holy walls, that, still sublime,
 Resist the crumbling touch of time,
 How strongly still your form displays
 The piety of ancient days!
 As through your ruins, hoar and gray—
 Ruins yet beauteous in decay—
 The silvery moonbeams trembling fly:
 The forms of ages long gone by
 Crowd thick on fancy's wand'ring eye,
 And wake the soul to musings high.

E'en now, as lost in thought profound,
 I view the solemn scene around,

And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies ;
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof, and arches wide,
That, knit with curious tracery,
Each Gothic ornament display ;
The high arch'd windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there.

As on their slender forms I'd gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze !
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight ?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.

'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seek in prayer the midnight fane.
And, hark ! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around ?
'Tis the soft chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong ;
Till, thence return'd, they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay ;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die ;
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear ;
Each worldly thought awhile forbear,
And mutter forth a half-form'd prayer.

But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touch'd by southern gales ;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decay'd ;
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale :
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home, these aisles and arches high ;
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,
Is drown'd amid the mournful scream,
That breaks the magic of my dream !

Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruin'd sad reality !

DAMON AND SYLVIA

TUNE—' *The tither morn, as I, forlorn.* '

YON wandering rill, that marks the hill
And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Slides by a bower, where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, sir ;
The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, sir,

AH, CHLORIS !

TUNE—' *Major Graham* '

AH, Chloris ! since it may na be
That thou of love wilt hear ;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell ;
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Though a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

AS DOWN THE BURN

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flowery dale ;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.

With ' Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew ? '
Quoth Mary, ' Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you.' . . .

EPITAPH ON MR. BURTON

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or ' Dem my eyes ! '
Who, in his life, did little good,
And whose last words were ' Dem my blood ! '

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT

Oh ! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Nae woman in the countrie wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest o' a clan,
Sair, sair may I repine ;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last .
Sae far to set us free ;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
 Right to the wrang did yield :
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden's field.

Oh, I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

OH, LEEZE ME ON MY WEE THING

Oh, leeze me on my wee thing,
 My bonnie blithesome wee thing ;
 Sae lang 's I ha'e my wee thing,
 I 'll think my lot divine.

Though warld's care we share o 't,
 And may see meikle mair o 't :
 Wi' her I 'll blithely bear it,
 And ne'er a word repine.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY

TUNE—' *Oh, mount and go* '

WHEN the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle,
 Thou shalt sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle.

CHORUS

Oh, mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready ;
 Oh, mount and go,
 And be the captain's lady.

When the vanquish'd foe
 Sues for peace and quiet,
 To the shades we 'll go,
 And in love enjoy it.

WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS

WHEN I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie ;
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie ?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were wae and weary !
 It wasna sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.

EPISTLE TO JOHN TAYLOR

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,
 On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker ;
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business in a crack ;
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
 Pity my sad disaster ;
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—
 I'll pay you like my master.

ROBERT BURNS

SHELAH O'NEIL.

WHEN first I began for to sigh and to woo her,
 Of many fine things I did say a great deal,
 But, above all the rest, that which pleased her the best,
 Was, ' Oh, will you marry me, Shelah O'Neil ? '

My point I soon carried, for straight we were married,
Then the weight of my burden I soon 'gan to feel—
For she scolded, she fisted, Oh then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neil!

Then tired and dull-hearted, Oh then I deserted,
And fled unto regions far distant from home,
To Frederick's army, where none e'er could harm me,
Save Shelah herself in the shape of a bomb.
I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas! and the sharp pointed steel;
But, in all my wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found
Aught so sharp as the tongue of curs'd Shelah O'Neil.

GLOSSARY

A

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abeigh, at a shy distance, aloof.
Aboon, above.
Abread, abroad.
Abreed, in breadth.
Adle, putrid water.
Ae, one.
Aff, off; *aff loof,* off hand.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Agle, off the right line, wrong.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Aik, an oak.
Ain, own.
Airles, earnest.
Airl-penny, a penny given as earnest, or hiring money.
Airn, iron; an iron tool.
Airt, to direct.
Airts, directions, points of the compass.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, a work-horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Ajee, awry, ajar.
Alake, alas!
Alane, alone.
Akwart, awkward.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
An', and; if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one.
Anent, about, concerning.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Asklent, aslant, askuint.
Asteer, astir.
Athart, or *althort,* athwart.
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught,* in all my possession.

Auld, old.

Auld-farrant, knowing, sagacious.
Auld-lang-syne, long ago, the days of other years.
Auld-shoon, old shoes; term for a discarded lover.
Auld-warld, old-fashioned.
Aumous, or *awmous,* alms.
Aumous-dish, a beggar's dish, a vessel for collecting money for the poor at church.
Aumry, a cupboard for keeping victuals, dishes, etc.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley or other grain.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B

Ba', a ball.
Backet, or *baikey,* a wooden coal scuttle; *saut-backet,* salt-box.
Bakes, biscuits.
Backlins, back, backwards.
Bad, did, bid.
Baggie, the belly.
Baide, remained, endured, resided.
Bainie, large-boned.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear or curse.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat, to excel.
Bang, a blow, also a great number.

- Bannocks*, round flat cakes.
Baps, rolls of bread.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barley-bree, malt liquor.
Barmie, of or like barm, yeasty.
Batch, a crew or gang.
Batts, botts, colic.
Bauckie-bird, the bat.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauks, cross-beams.
Bauld, bold.
Bawbee, a half-penny; *bawbees*, money.
Bawk, a bank, a strip of unploughed land.
Baws'nt, having a white spot on the forehead or face.
Be (to let be), to give over.
Beare, barley.
Beast, vermin.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beck, a curtsy.
Bedesman, a poor pensioner, one who prays for his patron.
Beek, to bask.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Begoud, began.
Begunk, trick, jilting.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence, or parlour.
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Benmost bore, innermost hole.
Bennison, blessing.
Bent, a kind of grass; 'ta'en the bent,' taken the moor, run away.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a wooden dish; a short race.
Bid, to propose, to offer; *bade nae better*, desired no more.
Bide, to stay or reside, to endure.
Bield, or *bial*, shelter.
Bien, comfortable, well-to-do.
Big, to build.
Biggin', a building.
Biggit, built.
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, etc.
Binna, be not.
Birk, birch.
Birken-schaw, plantation of birches.
Birkie, a forward, lively fellow.
Birle, to drink; 'birle the baw-bee,' to club for drink.
Birring, the noise of partridges, etc., when they spring.
Birses, bristles.
Bit, crisis, nick of time; and also as a diminutive, as 'a bit burn,' a small stream; 'a bit lassie,' a little girl.
Bittock, a little bit, a short distance.
Bizz, a bustle; to buzz.
Bizzard, buzzard.
Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blaud, a flat piece of anything; to slap; a *hearty blaud*, a large piece.
Blaw, to blow, to boast; 'blaw I my lug,' to flatter.
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum, or dim with weeping.
Bleert an' blin', bleared and blind.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blellum, idle, talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly; nonsense.
Blethers, babbling, foolish talk.
Blethrin', babbling.
Blink, an instant, a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits, twinkle.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin', smirking.
Blue-gown, an order of paupers, who receive annually, on the Sovereign's birthday, a blue cloak or gown, with a pewter badge, and a few pence.
Bluid, blood.
Bluntie, snivelling.

Blutter, the mire-snipe.
Blype, a shred, a piece rent off.
Bock, to vomit, to gurgle.
Bocked, gushed, vomited.
Bodle, a small copper coin.
Bogie, a small bog.
Bogles, goblins.
Bonnie, or *bonny*, handsome, pretty.
Boord, a board.
Boortree, or *bu'tree*, the shrub elder, formerly much planted in hedges of farm-yards, etc.
Boost, behoved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in the wall.
Botch, an inflamed tumour.
Bouk, bulk; a corpse.
Bousing, tippling.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bowt, bent, crooked.
Brackens, or *breckens*, fern.
Brae, the face of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braik, a kind of harrow.
Brainge, to dash forward.
Braing't, rushed forward.
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Brankie, gaudy, pranked out gaily.
Branks, a halter with wooden cheek-pieces for cows and horses.
Brash, a smart fit of illness.
Brats, rags, coarse clothes; the term is also applied to children.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
Braw, fine, handsome, well-dressed.
Brawlies, or *brawlie*, bravely, heartily, very well.
Braxie, a diseased sheep, or the mutton of a sheep which has been smothered in snow.
Breastie, little breast.
Breastit, sprang breast-high.
Brecham, a horse-collar.
Breckan, fern.
Breef, an irresistible spell.
Brecks, breeches.
Brent, smooth, clear; *brent new*, quite new.
Brewin', brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.

Brig, a bridge.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, a race at country weddings, from the church to the bridegroom's house.
Brose, hasty pudding, made by pouring boiling water or broth on oatmeal. The dish is named from the liquid used, as, *water-brose*, *kail-brose*, *pease-brose*.
Browst, a brewing.
Bugh, a burgh.
Bruilzie, a broil, a strife.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Brunt, burned.
Burst, to burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan, Aberdeen-shire.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Bught, a pen for sheep.
Bughtin-time, the time for collecting the sheep into the pens to be milked.
Buirdly, athletic, broad and large of make.
Burn-clock, the humming beetle, which flies in the summer evenings.
Bumming, humming, droning.
Bummle, to blunder, to bungle.
Bummler, bungler.
Bunker, a window-seat, or seat which also serves for a chest, opening with a hinged lid.
Burdies, small birds.
Bure, bore.
Burn, a stream, a rivulet.
Burnie, a small streamlet.
Burnewin, i.e., burn-the-wind, a blacksmith.
Buskie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Busks, dresses.
Bussle, a bustle, to bustle.
Buss, shelter.
Bul, or *bot*, without.

But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.

By himself, lunatic, distracted.

Byke, a bee-hive, nest of the wild bee; a swarm; *glourin' byke*, staring multitude.

Byre, a cow-house, a sheep-pen.

C

Ca', to call, to name; to drive.

Ca't, or *ca'd*, called; driven; calved.

Cadger, a carrier, a huxter.

Cadie, or *caddie*, a porter or messenger.

Caff, chaff.

Caird, a tinker.

Cairn, a heap of loose stones.

Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.

Callan, a boy.

Caller, or *cauler*, fresh, sound, refreshing.

Canie, or *cannie*, gentle, mild, knowing; *canniest gate*, easiest way.

Cannilie, gently, sagaciously.

Cantrip, a charm, a spell.

Canty, or *cantie*, cheerful, merry.

Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.

Careerin', cheerfully.

Carl, an old man.

Carl-hemp, the male stalk of hemp, known by its superior strength and height.

Carline, a stout old woman.

Carritch, catechism; *single carritch*, the Shorter Catechism.

Cartes, cards.

Caudron, a caldron.

Cauk, chalk.

Cauld, cold.

Caup, a wooden bowl.

Cavie, a hen-coop.

Cessès, taxes.

Chanter, part of a bagpipe.

Chap, a person, a fellow; a blow, a stroke.

Cheekit, cheeked.

Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.

Chiel, a young fellow.

Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-place.

Chimla-lug, fireside.

Chink, money.

Chittering, shivering with cold.

Chokin', choking.

Chow, to chew; *cheek-for-chow*, side-by-side, cheek-by-jole.

Chuckie, a brood hen.

Chuffie, fat-faced.

Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.

Claise, or *claes*, clothes.

Claith, cloth.

Claithing, clothing.

Clap, the clapper of a mill.

Clarkit, wrote.

Clarty, dirty.

Clash, an idle tale, gossip.

Clatter, to tell idle stories; an idle story.

Claut, to scrape, to clean; *claut*

o' gear, heap of money.

Clouted, scraped clean.

Clavers, idle stories.

Claw, to scratch.

Cleckin, a brood, a litter.

Cleed, to clothe.

Cleeds, clothes.

Cleekit, hooked, caught.

Cleg, the gadfly.

Clinkin', jerking, clinking.

Clinkumbell, man who rings the church-bell.

Clips, shears.

Clishmaclaver, gossip, idle chat, palaver.

Clock, to hatch; a beetle.

Clockin', hatching.

Cloot, or *cluit*, the hoof of a cow, sheep, etc.

Clootie, an old name for the Devil, in allusion to the cloven foot.

Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.

Clout, to patch.

Cluds, clouds.

Clunk, the gurgling sound of liquor in emptying a cask or bottle.

Coaxin', wheedling.

Coble, a fishing-boat.

Cockernonny, a lock of hair tied on a girl's head; a cap.

Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, a little cog.
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire; so called, according to tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish king.
Collie, a cur-dog.
Collieshangie, a quarrel, a noisy altercation.
Comman', command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, or *cuiſ*, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by turns.
Coost, cast.
Coot, the ankle.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; also, those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be *cootie*.
Corbie, the raven, the carrion crow.
Core, corps, party, clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cottar, the inhabitant of a cot-house or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cave.
Cowe, to overbear, to keep under, to lop off; a fright; a bush of furze or broom.
Cowp, to barter; to tumble over; a gang.
Cowpit, bartered; tumbled.
Cow'rin', cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cozie, snug, warm.
Cozily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, peevish.
Crack, conversation, to converse.
Crackin', conversing; *crackin' crouse*, talking briskly.
Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house (in old husbandry).
Craig, the neck or throat; dimin. *craigie*.
Craik, a bird, the rail or corn-crake.
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, doggel rhymes.
Crancreuch, hoarfrost.

Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Crap, a crop, to crop.
Craw, the crow of a cock; a crow or rook.
Creel, a coarse basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creeshie, greasy.
Croo'd, or *crou'd*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a low, droning sound; to make such a sound; to hum a tune.
Crooning, droning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Croulin', crawling.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
Crousely, cheerfully, courageously.
Crowdie, a stir-about of oatmeal and boiling water, or the broth of beef or mutton, etc.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, brittle, friable, crisp; spoken of bread or pie-crust, etc.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuddle, to caress.
Cuiſ, a ninny.
Cummock, a short staff, with a crooked head.
Curchie, a curtsey.
Curler, a player at the game of curling.
Curlie, curled, one whose hair naturally falls in ringlets.
Curling, a well-known game in Scotland, played on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
Curpin, the crupper.
Cushat, the wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short, a short spoon; a loose girl; *cutty sark*, short shift.
Cutty-stool, the stool of repentance, which was used in former times in the churches in Scotland.

D

Daddie, a father.
Daffin', fun, merriment, foolishness.
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
Daidlin', loitering, trifling, tippling.
Daimen, rare, now and then.
Daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.
Daintie, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.
Dales, valleys.
Darklins, in the dark.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse, to pelt.
Daud (noun), a large piece; noise of a heavy fall.
Daudin', beating.
Daur, to dare.
Daur't, dared.
Daurg, *daurk*, or *darg*, a day's work.
Davoc, David.
Dawtit, or *dawtel*, fondled, caressed.
Dead, death.
Dearies, diminutive of dears.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Diel-ma-care, devil-may-care.
Deleerit, delirious.
Describe, to describe.
Devel, a severe blow.
Dight, to wipe; to winnow corn.
Dight, cleaned from chaff.
Dights, cleans.
Dike, stone fence.
Din, dun, swallow.
Ding, to worst, to push, to beat; *winna ding*, will not be beat.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight, tremulous stroke, or pain; to vibrate.
Dizzen, or *diz'n*, a dozen.
Doited, stupid, silly from age.
Dolt, stupefied, crazed.
Donzie, or *donsie*, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament.
Doos, doves.
Dorty, saucy, pettish, nice.

Douce, sober, wise, prudent; *doucer*, more prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, hind-quarters.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the hind-quarters.
Dour, obstinate.
Doure, stout, stubborn, sullen.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief or fatigue; half-asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Doyle, stupid.
Dozen't, stupefied.
Drab, a slatternly young woman.
Drants, long prayers.
Drap, a drop, to drop.
Dropping, dropping.
Draunting, drawling.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dree, to suffer.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Driddle, to scrape on a fiddle.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe.
Droop-rumple't, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, drenched.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumlie, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed, raw.
Drunst, pet, sour humour, sulks.
Dub, a dirty pool.
Duds, rags, tattered clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted, pushed, driven.
Dunt, a knock or stroke; to beat, to throb.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push like a ram, to butt.
Dush't, butted by a ram or ox, etc.
Dwam, a qualm or swoon.
Dwining, pining away, decaying.
Dyke, a stone-wall fence.
Dyvour, a bankrupt, an ill-dressed, seedy, idle fellow.

E

E'e, the eye.
E'en, the eyes.
E'enin', evening.
Eerie, lonely, frightened, dreading
ghosts and spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, dreary, ghastly, fright-
ful, unearthly.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ette, to try, attempt, intend.
Eydent, or *eident*, diligent.

F

Fa', fall, lot, fate, waterfall ;
as a verb, it signifies to get or
obtain.
Fa'ard, favoured ; *ill-fa'ard*, ill-
favoured, ugly.
Faddom't, fathomed, encom-
passed with the arms.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown, unemployed,
abated, folded.
Fain, fond.
Fairin', a fairing, a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, found.
Farl, a crisp cake.
Fash, trouble, care ; to trouble,
to care for.
Fashious, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled.
Fastern-e'en, Fastens-even.
Fatt'rels, ribbon ends.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faur'd, favoured ; *ill-faur'd*, ill-
favoured.
Fause, false.
Fause-house, opening in a corn-
stack for ventilation.
Faut, fault.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field, grassy turf, smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.

Fear't, frightened.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fecht'in', fighting.
Feck, many, plenty, the most.
Fecket, waistcoat.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feckly, mostly.
Feg, a fig.
Feid, feud.
Fell, keen, biting ; the flesh
immediately under the skin ;
a level space on the side or
top of a hill.
Fen', successful struggle, fight.
Fend, to beat off want, to live
comfortably, to provide for ;
to mak a *fen'*, to make a
shift.
Ferlie, or *jerley* to wonder, a
wonder ; a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
Fey, doomed, predestinated.
Fidge, to fidget, to shrug.
Fidgin' jaih, excitedly eager.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fient haet, deuce a bit.
Fiere, sound, healthy ; a
brother, a friend.
Fissle, to make a rustling noise,
to fidget, to bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie-lan', the near horse of the
hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise like
fermentation, or as when a hot
iron is plunged into water.
Flaffan, fluttering.
Flairer, or *flannen*, flannel.
Flaughtering, light gleaming fit-
tfully.
Fleech, to cajole, to beseech
flatteringly.
Fleech'd, wheedled.
Fleechin', wheedling.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow, a
vagary.
Flether, to deny by fair words.
Fletherin', flattering.
Fley, to frighten, scare,

Flichter, to flutter like nestlings when their dam approaches.
Flickering, meeting, encountering with.*
Flinders, shreds, splinters.
Flingin-tree, a bale, or piece of timber hung horizontally between two horses in a stable, by way of partition; a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Flyte, to scold.
Fodgel, plump.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Fore, to the fore, still in existence.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded, enfeebled.
Forfoughten, fatigued, knocked up.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Folher, fodder.
Fou', full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel; also a pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth.
Fremit, strange, estranged.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut or tail of the hare, rabbit, etc.
Fuff, to blow in puffs.
Fuff't, blew.
Funnie, amusing, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Fur-ahin', the hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.

Furm, a form or bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to make a fuss about trifles, to fret; to shrug, to wince.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled.

G

Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly.
Gaber-lunzie, a beggar man, one who carries a wallet.
Gadsman, a ploughboy.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen* or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gaet, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gangrel, a vagrant.
Gar, to force to, to compel.
Gar't, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, shrewd, talkative; to converse.
Gashin', conversing.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gaunted, yawned.
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Gaylies, pretty well.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in scorn or wantonness, to mock, to sport.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
Gif, if.
Giftie, diminutive of gift.
Giglets, giggling girls.
Gillie, diminutive of gill.
Gilpie, a half-grown boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if, against.
Gipse, a young girl.

* To *flicker* in Jamieson is to coax, to flirt; but *flickering* is glossed as above in *Blaikie*.

- Girn*, to grin, to twist the features in rage or pain.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig; a shaggy head of hair.
Glaikit, heedless, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth as glass.
Glamour, necromancy.
Glaum'd, aimed, snatched at.
Gleck, sharp, ready.*
Gled, a kite.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint, to squint.
Glibe-gabbet, ready-tongued, smooth-spoken.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin', peeping.
Gloamin', the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, a stare.
Glowred, stared.
Glunch, to frown, to look sulky.
Goavan, moving stupidly.
Gowan, a daisy.
Gowany, *gowany glens*, daisied valleys.
Gowd, gold.
Gowdspink, the goldfinch.
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the club does the ball at golf.
Gowff'd, struck.
Gowk, a cuckoo; a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
Grain'd, groaned.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a dung-fork.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear, implements.
Grane, or *grain*, a groan, to groan, to long for.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapit, groped.
Grat, wept.
Great, to be great with any one, means to be intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to weep.
Greetin', weeping.
Grippet, caught, seized.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.
Grousome, loathsomely grim.
Grozel, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
Grumphie, a swine.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise.
Grunzie, the mouth.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Grutten, wept.
Gude, good; the Supreme Being.
Guffaw, loud burst of laughter.
Guid, good.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidfather, *guidmither*, father-in-law, mother-in-law.
Guidman and *guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
Guid-mornin', good morrow.
Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife; *gleg gullie*, a sharp knife.
Gulravage, confusion.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gumption, shrewd sense.
Gusty, tasteful, appetising.
Gutcher, grandsire.
Gutty, bigbellied, gross.
Gyre-carline, hag.

H

- Ha'*, hall.
Ha' Bible, the large Bible that lies in the hall.
Hae, to have.
'Haen, had.
Haet, thing; *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation.

* Gleck, so given in Blaikie, but not found in Jamieson.

Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
Hagg, a scar or gulf in mosses and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding, made of pluck, suet, onions, etc., and boiled in the stomach of a sheep.
Hain, to spare, save, economise.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Hal', or *hald*, a hold, a dwelling.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage, or, more properly, a seat of turf at the outside ; a porch.
Hallan - shaker, a sturdy, beggarly scamp.
Hallions, rogues.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st October.
Haly, holy.
Hame, home.
Hamely, homely, frank, affable.
Han', or *haun*, hand.
Hantle, a good many.
Hap, an outer garment, a mantle or plaid ; to wrap, to cover.
Happer, hopper of a mill.
Happing, hopping.
Hap-step-an'-leap, hop-step-and-leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a rough, clumsy fellow.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.
Haughs, rich level meadows by a river side.
Haur, to drag, to peel.
Haurlin', peeling, dragging.
Haver-meal, oatmeal.
Havers, nonsense, thoughtless chat.
Havrel, half-witted.
Havins, good manners, propriety, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Healsome, wholesome, healthful.
Heapit, heaped.

Hearse, hoarse.
Hear 't, hear it.
Heather, heath.
Hech ! oh ! strange !
Hecht, foretold, offered, promised ; *hechtin'*, aiming at.
Heckle, a card on which flax and hemp are dressed ; one of the sharp steel spikes of such a card.
Heels-o'-er-gowdie, heels over head.
Heeze, to raise, to lift up.
Hein-shinned, having large projecting shin bones.
Hellim, a helm.
Herd, one who tends flocks.
Hern, the heron.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder, to rob a bird's nest.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a ravine, a coal-pit.
Hie, high.
Hilch, to hobble, to limp.
Hilchin', limping.
Hiney, honey.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily.
Hirsel, a herd of sheep or cattle.
Histie, dry, chapped, barren.
Hitch, a loop, a knot.
Hizzy, a hussie, a young girl.
Hoddin, jogging, the motion of a countryman jogging along on a cart-horse ; humble.
Hoddin-gray, coarse gray woollen cloth.
Hoggie, a two-year-old sheep.
Hog-score, a kind of distance line in curling, drawn across the rink.
Hog-shoulder, a kind of horse-play by jostling with the shoulder ; to jostle.
Hoodock, miserly.
Hool, outer-skin or case, a nutshell, pease-swade.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely, cautiously.
Hoolie, take time, softly, stop.

Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, a name for the Devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough.
Hostin', coughing.
Hotch, to jerk, to move the body by jerks.
Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvy, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow; a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, etc.
Howff, a place of resort, an ale-house.
Howk, to dig.
Howkin', digging.
Howkit, digged.
Howlet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge on.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, to pull upwards.
Hoyle, to amble stiffly.
Hughoc, diminutive of Hugh.
Hunkers, the hams.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper, the hips.
Hushion, cushion.
Hyle, mad, in a fury.

I

I', in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great grandchild.
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.
Ill-thief, the devil.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Inginie, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire, fireplace.
I'se, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

J

Jad, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.

Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin', trifling.
Jauner, prattle.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk or plash as agitated water, to splash.
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to jerk as water, to dash.
Jaw-hole, sink.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, slender in the waist, handsome; to jump.
Jimply, barely, scarcely.
Jing, by *jing*, a petty oath.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, that gives the slip; a gay, sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinkin', dodging, furtive.
Jirt, a jerk.
Jokteleg, a kind of knife.
Joes, sweethearts.
Jougs, the pillory.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head, to skulk.
Jow, to *jow*, a verb which expresses both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jowkery-pawkery, sly juggling talk or tricks.
Jundie, to jostle.

K

Kae, a jackdaw.
Kail, colewort, broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, etc., paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebars, rafters.
Kebuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep; *keekit ben*, looked in.
Keel, red chalk.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous goblins, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know; *ken'd*, or *ken't*, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.

Kenspeckle, well-known, peculiar, a gazing-stock.
Kep, to receive, to catch.
Ket, matted, hairy; a fleece of wool.
Kiaugh, carking anxiety.
Kill, to truss up the clothes; the philabeg.
Kimmer, or *cummer*, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin, kindred.
Kin', kind (adjective).
Kingshood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox.
Kintra, country.
Kintra-cooser, a country stallion.
Kirn, a churn; the harvest home.
Kirsen, to christen.
Kist, chest, trunk, coffin.
Kitchen, anything eaten with bread, or other fare, to give it a relish. 'Hunger is gude kitchen,' hunger is good sauce.
Kith, kindred.
Killin, a kitten.
Kittle, to tickle; skittish, ticklish, difficult.
Knaggie, like knags or nobbs, bony.
Knappin'-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
Knowe, a knoll.
Knurl, or *knurlin'*, a dwarf.
Kuittle, to cuddle.
Kuittlin', cuddling.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to come to light, to show one's self.

L

Laddie, diminutive of lad, a boy.
Lade, a load.
Laggan, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
Læigh, low.
Lair, or *lear*, learning.
Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow or mire.

Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Laiue, or *lave*, the rest, the remainder.
Lallans, Scottish dialect, Lowlands.
Lambie, diminutive of lamb.
Lammass-moon, harvest moon.
Lampit, a limpet, a kind of shell-fish.
Lan', land, estate.
Lan'-afore, foremost horse in the plough.
Lan'-ahin', the hindmost horse in the plough.
Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, etc., myself alone.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.
Langsyne, long since.
Lap, leaped.
Lave', or *laive*, the rest, the remainder, the others, other people.
Laverock, the lark.
Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.
Lawlan', Lowland.
Lays, or *leys*, fields.
Leal, loyal, faithful, true.
Lear, or *lair*, learning.
Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
Lea'e, to leave.
Lee-lang, livelong.
Leesome, pleasant; *leesome lane*, dear self alone.
Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee, blessings on thee.
Leister, a three-pronged fish-spear.
Leugh, laughed.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Libbet, emasculated.
Licks, a beating.
Lift, the sky.
Lightly, sneering, to sneer at, to slight.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.

Linkin', tripping.
Linn, a waterfall, a cascade.
Lint, flax ; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Lippen, to trust.
Loan, or *loanin*, a lane ; the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loopy, crafty.
Loot, did let or permit.
Looves, plural of loof.
Loun, or *loon*, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of loose character.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin', flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of *Lawrence*.
Lowse, to loose.
Lowsed, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lugget, having a handle ; *lugget coup*, eared cup.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, meat, etc.
Lunt, a column of smoke ; to smoke.
Luntin', smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, gray.

M

Mae, more.
Mahoun, Satan.
Mailen, farm.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin', making.
Malison, curse.
Mallie, Molly or Mary.
Mang, among.
Manse, a parsonage house.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, or *merk*, marks ; a denomination of ancient Scottish money. (This and several other words, which in English

require an *s* to form the plural, are in Scotch the same in both numbers, like the words, sheep, deer).
Marrow, match, mate, one of a pair.
Mar's year, the year 1715, when the Earl of Mar was in arms for the Pretender.
Mashlum, *meslin*, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, etc. ; to infuse.
Maskin'-pat, teapot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must ; *maunna*, must not.
Maut, malt.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin', mowing.
Meere, mare.
Meikle, or *muckle*, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, quantity of grain sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, a mallet ; also to meddle, to be intimate.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Mercies, provisions, entertainment.
Merle, the blackbird.
Messan, a small dog.
Middin, dunghill.
Middin-hole, dunghill, gutter.
Midge, a gnat.
Mim, prim.
Min', mind.
Mind't, mind it, resolved.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, *mirkest*, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused.
Mishanter, misfortune.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmanly ; to be put out of one's art.
Mislippen, neglect.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mistryst, to disappoint by breaking an appointment, to deceive.

Mither, mother.
Mixtie-martie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Mools, or *mouls*, earth, mould, the grave, the dust.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep, to mump.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, to-morrow.
Moss-hags, pits and sloughs in a mire or bog.
Mostie, dustie.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiewort, a mole.
Mouls, or *mools*, earth, the grave.
Mousie, diminutive of mouse.
Muckle, or *meikle*, much, big, great.
Musie, diminutive of muse.
Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutch, a woman's cap.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel', myself.

N

Na, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappg, ale; to be tipsy.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neibour, a neighbour.
Neist, next.
Neuk, nook.
New-fangled, new-fashioned, engrossed with some novelty.
Nick, a cut.
Nickin', cutting.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Nigger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.

Norlan', of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Nowte, black cattle.

O

O', of.
Ochils, hills in Perthshire.
Oe, or *oye*, a grandchild.
O haith! *O faith!*
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, is often used for ere.
Orra, odd, not matched, that may be spared.
O't, of it.
Oughtlins, at all, in any degree.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel', or *oursels*, ourselves.
Outcast, a quarrel.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Ower, over, too, too much.
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.
Owsen, oxen.

P

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Paidle, to plash among water; also short and irregular steps, like those of children.
Paiks, blows.
Painch, paunch.
Pairtrick, or *paitrick*, a part-ridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, put; a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or *puikie*, cunning, sly.
Pay't, paid, beaten.
Pech, to fetch the breath short as in an asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin', peeling.
Penny-fee, wages.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, etc.

Pettle, to cherish ; a plough-staff.
Philabeg, the Highland kilt.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery ; to flatter.
Phraisin', flattery, cajoling.
Pibroch, a Highland war-song, adapted to the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity of anything.
Pig, an earthen pot, or pitcher.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pint-sloop, a two-quart measure.
Pirn, bobbin.
Pit, to put.
Placad, a public proclamation ; a cheer ; to publish.
Plack, a doit, an old Scotch coin, two bodles, or the third of a penny English.
Plackless, penniless.
Platie, diminutive of plate.
Plenishing, furniture.
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poind, to seize on cattle or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow for rent, etc.
Poortith, poverty.
Posie, a nosegay.
Pou', to pull.
Pouk, to twitch, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pou't, pulled.
Pouthery, powdery.
Pouther, or *powther*, powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a pony.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, print.
Prie, or *pree*, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to entreat.
Priggin', cheapening.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Propine, a present, a gift.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Proposes, provosts, mayors.
Puir, poor.
Pund, pound, pounds.

Pyle, a *pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q

Quaich, a small wooden drinking cup.
Quak, to quake.
Quarters, lodgings.
Quat, to quit.
Quean, a wench.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R

Ragweed, the herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame, to excite.
Ramfeezled, fatigued, overspent.
Ram-stam, heedless, thoughtless, forward.
Raploch, a coarse cloth ; coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush ; *rash bush*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucie, rash, stout, fearless ; *raucie carline*, stout beldam.
Raught, reached.
Rave, tore.
Ravelled, entangled, confused.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to reach, to stretch.
Raxin', stretching.
Ream, cream ; to cream.
Reamin', brimful, frothing.
Reave, to rove, to rob.
Reaving, open violent thieving.
Reck, to heed.
Red, or *rede*, a warning, counsel, to counsel, to warn ; also to separate, to put to rights ; *I'm red*, I am informed.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin', smoking.
Reekit, smoked, smoky.
Reft, broken.

Reisted, stopped, stuck fast ;
 also smoke-dried.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Rest, or *reist*, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive ; stunted,
 withered. Or, *reistit*.
Restricked, restricted.
Rickles, shocks of corn.
Rief, reef, plenty ; robbery.
Rief-randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Riggin', a roof.
Rigwoodie-hag, old hag deserving
 the gallows.
Rin, to run, to melt ; *rinnin'*,
 running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a
 term in the game of curling.
Rip, a handful of unthrashed
 corn.
Ripling-kame, an instrument for
 dressing flax.
Riskit, made a noise like the
 tearing of roots.
Rive, to tear, to burst.
Rockin', spinning on the rock or
 distaff.
Rood, stands likewise for the
 plural *roods*.
Roon, a shred, a paring.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round, in the circle of
 neighbourhood.
Roupit, or *roopit*, hoarse with a
 cold.
Routh, plenty.
Routhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Rowan-tree, mountain-ash.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Rowle, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, or *routh*, plenty ; *routh*
o' gear, plenty of goods.
Rowtin', lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rue, or *rew*, to repent.
Rug, pull ; a dog-cheap bargain.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or
 cabbage.
Ruth, sorrow.
Ryke, reach.

S

Sackless, innocent.
Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Sain, to bless against evil influ-
 ence.
Sair, sore, a sore ; to serve.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, a willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin', sowing.
Sax, six.
Scalth, injury ; to damage, to
 injure.
Scalthless, unharmed.
Scar, to scar, a scare.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared ; a pre-
 cipitous bank of earth over-
 hanging a river.
Scawl, a scold.
Scone, a kind of bread, hump
 barley cakes.
Seraich, to scream as a hen,
 partridge, etc.
Screed, to tear, a rent ; a long
 story.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin', gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpel, did scant, scanty.
Scroggie, covered with under-
 wood.
Scud, to run.
Sculduddery, loose, obscene.
Scunner, disgust.
See'd, saw.
Seizin', seizing.
Sel', self ; *a body's sel'*, one's
 self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent ; send
 it.
Servan', servant.

Sets, sends for : *sets off*, goes away.
Settlin', settling ; *to get a settlin'*,
to be frightened into quietness.
Shachl't, distorted, out of shape.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end,
and put on the tail of a dog,
etc., for mischief, or to
frighten him away.
Shangling, shambling.
Shanks, legs.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a
barber.
Shavie, an ill turn played to one.
Shaw, to show ; a small wood in
a hollow.
Shearers, reapers.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank, *to think one's self*
nae sheep-shank, to be con-
ceited.
Sherra-moor, Sherifffmoor, where
a battle was fought in the
rebellion of 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch or trench, a
sluice, a channel.
Shiel, a shed.
Shill, shrill.
Shilpit, weak, washy, insipid.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one
side, a shake ; to shake.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shored, offered.
Shouther, shoulder.
Sibb, related by blood.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Silken-snood, a fillet of silk, for-
merly worn as a token of vir-
ginity.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Skaith, see *scaith*.
Skance, a sight of.
Skeigh, coy.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap, a smart
stroke ; to walk with a smart
tripping pace.

Skelpin', walking ; also slapping
with the palm of the hand.
Skeps, bee-hives.
Skelpy-limmer, a technical term
in female scolding.
Skiegh, or *skeigh*, proud, nice,
high-mettled.
Skinking ware, thin stuff.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirlin', shrieking, crying.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to
deviate from truth, to deceive.
Skliented, ran, or hit, in an
oblique direction, glanced.
Skouth, vent, scope, free action.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream.
Skyrin, shining, bright coloured.
Skyte, to slide rapidly off ; a
worthless fellow.
Slade, did slide.
Slae, the sloe.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly ; *sleest*, slyest.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Sloken, quench, slake.
Slype, to fall over as a wet
furrow from the plough.
Slypit, fell over.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder ; mettle,
sense.
Smeek, smoke, fumes.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection
of small individuals.
Snapper, stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Sneck, latch of a door.
Sneck-drawing, trick-contriving.
Sned, to lop away, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, biting, keen.
Snick, same as sneck.

- Snirtle*, to titter, to laugh.
Snod, neat.
Snood, virgin fillet.
Snool, to submit tamely, to sneak; one whose spirit is broken by oppression; to snub.
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak; *snoove awa'*, push on.
Snawk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, etc.
Snowkil, scented, snuffed.
Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks, lucky, jolly, fat.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Sorner, sturdy beggars, obtrusive guests.
Sot, a fool.
Sough, the noise of the wind, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear; also a rumour.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowers, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of oatmeal soured, etc., and boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
South, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spails, chips.
Spairge, to dash, to soil as with mire, to asperse.
Spate, or *peat*, a swell in a river, an inundation, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.
Spaul, a limb, the shoulder-blade.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spean, to wean.
Speat, or *spate*, an inundation.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spièr't, asked.
Splatter, to splutter.
Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a frolic, noise, disturbance.
- Sporran*, a purse.
Sprachled, scrambled.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spree, a convivial indulgence, a frolic, a lark.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scotch reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
Sprittie, full of such plants.
Spunk, fire, a match, a spark; mettle, wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome, brisk, fiery; *Will o' Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*.
Sputtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, etc.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn or hay.
Staggie, diminutive of stag.
Staig, a young horse not broken in.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stance, standing-place.
Stane, a stone.
Stang, a pole, a branch of a tree.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
Stant, to stand; *stan't*, did stand.
Stap, stop.
Stark, stout.
Startle, to run, as cattle stung by the gadfly.
Staumrel, a blockhead; half-witted.
Staw, stole; to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Stechin', cramming.
Steek, to shut; a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, or *stieve*, firm, compact.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear like a horse; to bound, to leap.
Sten't, reared.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.

Sterns, stars.

Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.

Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.

Stick-an'-stowe, totally, altogether.

Sticket, stuck, spoiled.

Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp.

Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.

Stirk, a young cow or bullock.

Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, etc.

Stockin', a stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, an old marriage custom.

Stoitin', staggering.

Stook, a shock of corn.

Stoked, made up in shocks.

Stoor, sounding hollow; strong, and hoarse; austere.

Stol, an ox.

Stound, a pang.

Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.

Stour, stern, gruff.

Stoure, dust, particularly dust in motion.

Stow, to cut off, to lop.

Stowlins, by stealth.

Stown, stolen.

Stoyte, to stumble.

Strack, did strike.

Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed, a natural death.

Straik, to stroke.

Straikit, stroked.

Strappin, tall and handsome.

Straught, straight.

Stravagin', wandering without an aim.

Streek, to stretch.

Stress, hard pressure, straining.

Striddle, to straddle.

Stroan, to spout.

Studdie, an anvil.

Stumpie, diminutive of stump.

Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily, to strut; *to tak' the strunt*, to take the pet.

**Stuff*, corn or pulse of any kind.

Sturt, trouble; to molest.

Sturtin', frightened.

Sucker, sugar.

Sud, should.

Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.

Sumph, a soft stupid fellow.

Sunkets, provisions, delicacies.

Sunkie, a low stool.

Suthron, Southern, an old name for the English.

Swaird, sword.

Swall'd, swelled.

Swank, stately, jolly.

Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.

Swap, an exchange or barter.

Swarf, swoon.

Swal, did sweat.

Swatch, a sample.

Swats, drink, good ale, wort.

Sweatin', sweating.

Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead sweer*, extremely averse.

Swinge, to beat, to whip.

Swirl, a curve; an eddying blast, or pool; a knot in wood; a whirl; circular motion.

Swirlie, knaggie, full of knots.

Swith, get away, quickly.

Swither, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute wavering in choice; *an eerie swither*, a dismal hesitation.

Swoor, swore.

Syboes, a garden vegetable.

Synd, rinse.

Syndings, rinsings.

Syne, since, ago, then, after that, in that case.

Syver, a drain, a gutter.

T

Tack, lease.

Tackets, hobnails for shoes.

Tae, a toe; *three-tae'd*, three-pronged.

Taed, a toad.

Tairge, target; to task, to exercise.

Tait, a small quantity.

Tak, to take; *takin'*, taking.

- Tamtallan*, the name of a mountain.
Tangle, a sea-weed.
Tangs, tongs.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish, feeble, numb.
Tappit-hen, a drinking vessel with a nob at the top and containing a quart.
Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarrow't, murmured.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tasse, or *tassie*, a cup.
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young woman.
Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, etc.
Teat, or *taut*, a small quantity.
Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Teen, grief.
Ten-hours'-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution; take heed, observe.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Tough, tough.
Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing, necessities.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel', themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thigger, to rob.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure, to bear with.
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy, feeble.
Thrang, throng, a crowd; busy; on good terms.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thrave, twenty-four sheaves of corn.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict, to thwart; *thraws*, throes, pangs.
Thrawin', twisting, etc.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, given to contradiction.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin', thrashing.
Thretteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to mak to through, to go on with, to make out, to make good.
Throu'ther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thummart, pole cat.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel', thyself.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, or *tyne*, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, knock at a door; to uncover.
Tirlin', stripping, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittie, a sister.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin', whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Toddlin', tottering.
Toom, empty; *toom roose*, empty praise.
Toop, a ram.
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, etc.

Tow, a rope.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Towzie, rough, shaggy.
Towzled, rumbled, in disorder.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyle, to totter like old age.
Tozie, tipsy, fuddled.
Transmogrified, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trews, trousers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Trin'le, wheel of a barrow.
Troke, to exchange.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Tryste, a fair.
Trysted, appointed; *to tryste*, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough-traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel, a brawl; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; *twal - penny-worth*, a small quantity, a penny worth. One penny English is 12d. Scotch.
Twin, to part, to separate.
Tyke, a dog of the larger kind.
Tyne, or *tine*, to lose.

U

Ugsome, disgusting.
Unchancy, unlucky.
Unco, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious; *an unco fit*, a rapid pace.
Uncoos, news, strangers.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskaited, undamaged, unhurt.
Unweeting, unwotting, unknowingly.
Up-bye, up the way.

Upcast, reproach.
Uphauden, supported.
Upo', upon.
Upsettin', assuming, conceited.
Upsides with, even with.
Urchin, a hedgehog.

V

Vap'rin', vapouring.
Vauntie, elated.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a column, etc.

W

Wa', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; to bet, a bet, a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe, sorrowful.
Waesucks! *O waes me!* alas!
O the pity!
Waff, shabby.
Waft, the woof in weaving.
Waif, a straggler.
Waifu', wailing.
Wair, or *ware*, to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice.
Waled, chose, chosen; *hand-waled*, carefully picked.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a bellyful.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Ware, worn. See *wair*.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warl', or *warld*, the world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
Warran', a warrant, to warrant.
Warst, worst.
Warstled, or *warsled*, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality, waste.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, *I wot*, I know.

Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk or butter, etc.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Waught, a hearty draught of liquor.

Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.

Waukrife, not apt to sleep; *waukrife winkers*, sleepless eyelids.

Waur, worse; to worst, to get the better of.

Waur't, worsted.

Wean, or *weanie*, a child.

Wearie, or *weary*; *mony a weary body*, many a different person.

Weason, wind-pipe.

Weaving the stockin', throwing the stocking, old marriage custom.

Wecht, winnowing basket.

Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, small matter.

Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.

Weet, rain, wetness.

Weird, fate, destiny.

We'se, we shall.

Wha, who.

Whaizle, to wheeze.

Whalpit, whelped.

Whang, a leathern string or strap; a cut of cheese, bread, etc.; to give the strappado.

Whare, where; *whare'er*, wherever.

Whase, whose.

Whatreck, nevertheless.

Whatt, cut with a knife, whittled.

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small beer.

Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened; a lie.

Whiddin', running as a hare or rabbit.

Whigmaleeries, whims, fancies, crofchets.

Whingin', crying, complaining, fretting.

Whins, gorse.

Whirligigums, useless ornaments; trifling appendages.

Whisht, silence; to hold one's *whisht*, to be silent.

Whisk, to sweep, to lash.

Whiskit, lashed.

Whisle, a whistle, to whistle.

Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.

Whittle, a knife.

Whunstone, a whinstone.

Whyles, sometimes.

Wi', with.

Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.

Wicker, willow (the smaller sort).

Widdiefu', deserving the *widdie*, or gallows.

Widdle, wriggling motion; struggle, bustle.

Wiel, a small whirlpool, an eddy.

Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.

Wight, active, handsome.

Williewaught, draught of liquor.

Willyart, wild, strange, shy.

Wimple, to meander.

Wimpl't, meandered.

Wimplin', meandering.

Win, to winnow, to get.

Win', wind; *win's*, winds.

Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.

Winna, will not.

Winnock, a window.

Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay, engaging in manners or appearance.

Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger; to reel.

Winze, an oath.

Wiss, to wish.

Withoutten, without.

Wizen'd, hidebound, dried, shrunk.

Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.

Wons, dwells.

Woo', wool.

Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows; the gallows.

Wooser-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.

Wordy, worthy.

Worset, worsted.

Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.

Wrack, to tease, to vex.

Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.

Wrang, wrong, to wrong.

Wreath, or *wreeth*, a drifted heap of snow.

Wud, mad, distracted.

Wumble, a wimble.

Wuzzent, withered, dried.

Wyle, beguile.

Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.

Wyle, blame, to blame.

Y

Yad, a horse.

Yald, supple, active.

Yammer, to complain peevishly.
Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for *thou*.

Year, is used both for singular and plural, *years*.

Yearlings, or *yealings*, born in the same year, coevals.

Yearns, longs much.

Yearns, eagles.

Yell, or *yeld*, barren, that gives no milk.

Yellow-yeldrin, the yellow hammer.

Yerk, to lash, to jerk.

Yerkit, jerked, lashed.

Yestreen, yesternight.

Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farmyard or field.

Yeuks, itches.

Yill, ale.

Yird, earth.

Yokin', yoking a bout.

Yont, beyond.

Yoursel', yourself.

Yowe, an ewe.

Yowie, diminutive of ewe.

Yule, Christmas.

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